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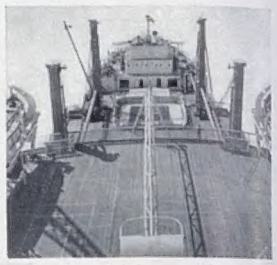

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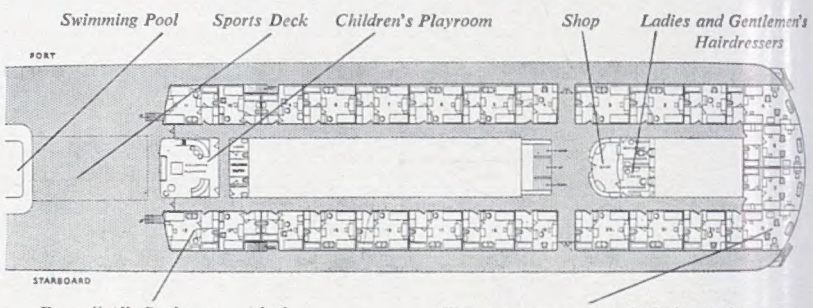

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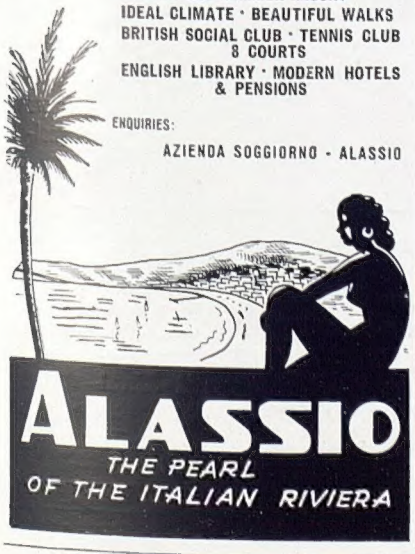

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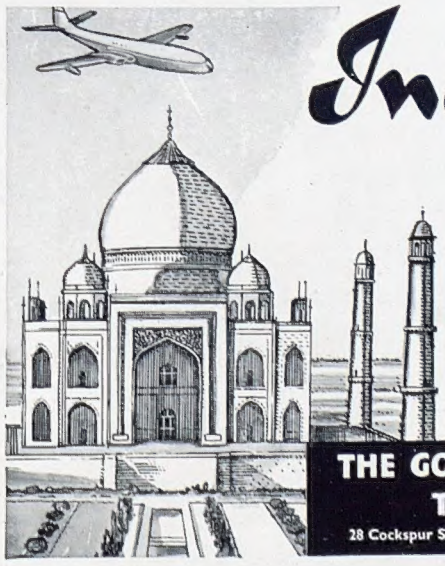

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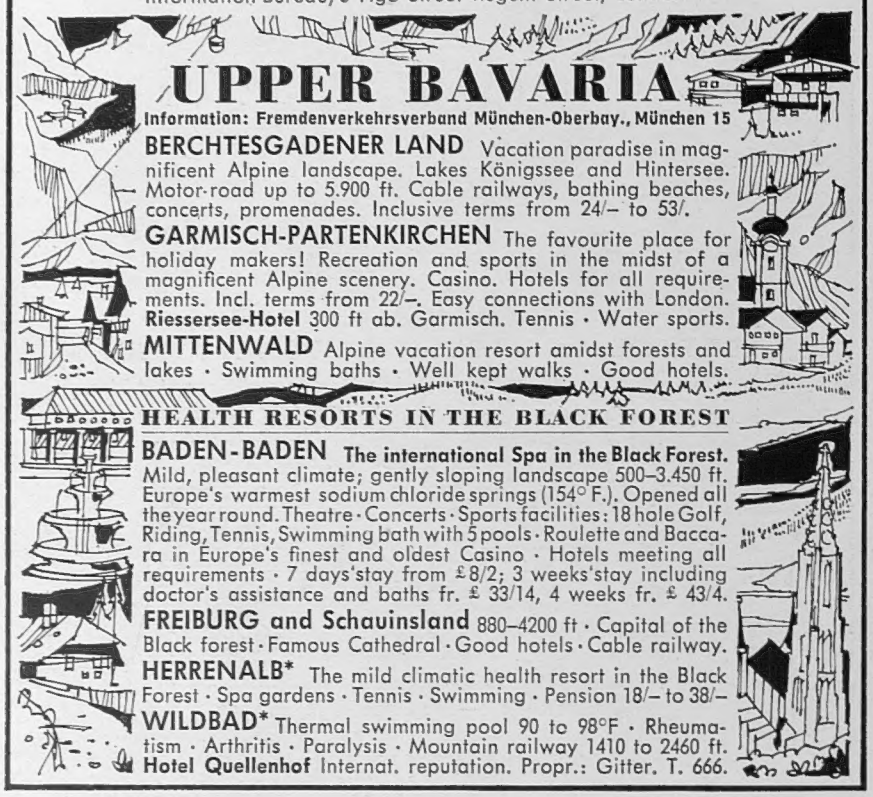

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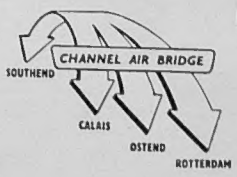

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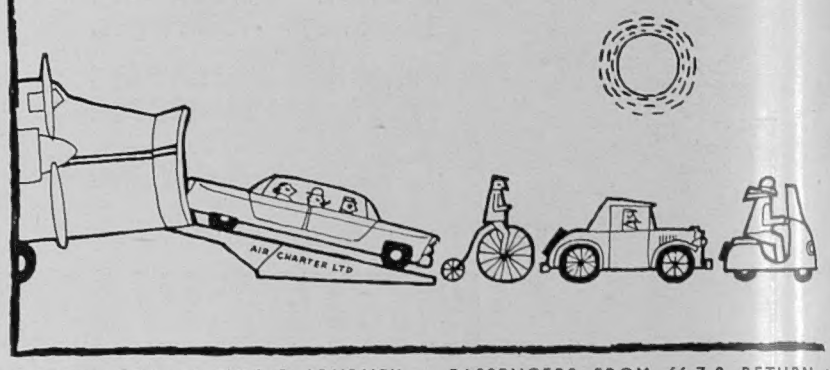

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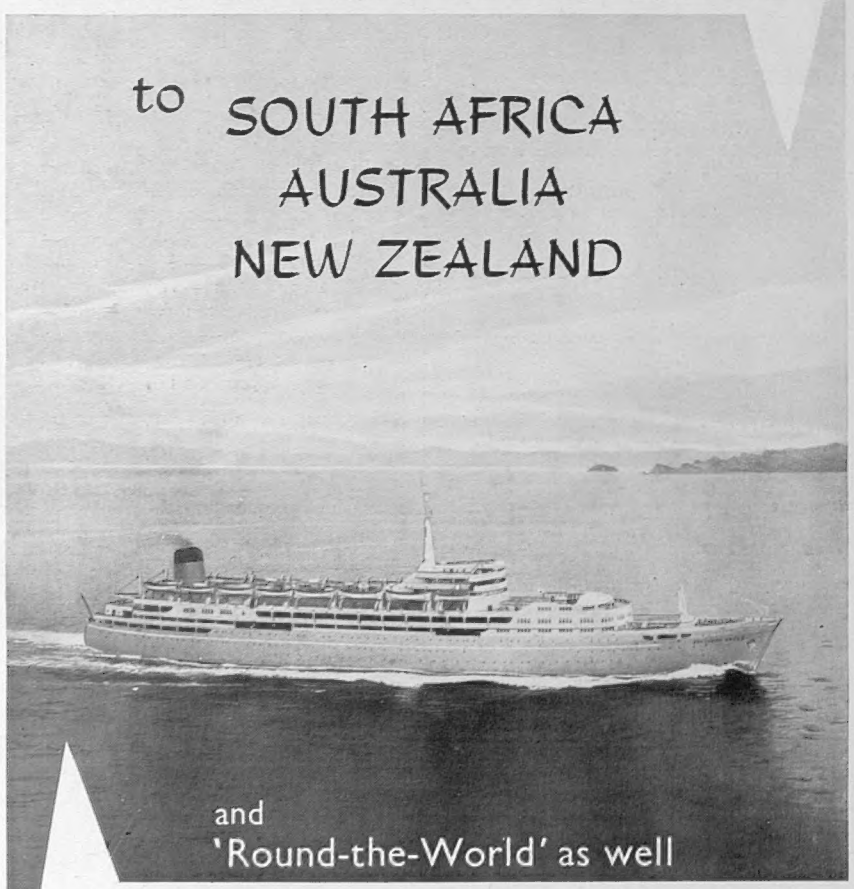

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Volume CCXXXVI No. 3070

The SPHERE, London, January 31, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN AT HER DESK—HER MAJESTY AT WORK IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE: This new picture shows her opening a despatch box of State papers. On the desk are also a number of family photographs, including those of her father and mother behind the box, and a gold inkstand. Queen Elizabeth II came to the throne almost seven years ago, on February 6, 1952, after the sudden and tragic death of her father. In the coming months she faces a year as strenuous as any in her reign to date. She and Prince Philip have two major tours of the Commonwealth—to Canada in the summer, for the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, and to Ghana in the autumn.

The despatch box perhaps symbolises more than anything else the position of the monarch as Head of State. Wherever the Queen may be in the country the leather-covered receptacles packed with papers and documents follow her, always requiring instant attention otherwise the business of the nation would come to a standstill. Since the days of Queen Victoria the Sovereigns have been slaves to the despatch box, and in this century the rulers have also had the telephone making increasing demands upon their time. The routine Royal duties, carried out at a desk at Buckingham Palace or Windsor or elsewhere, would be more than enough for most people. Added to these are the constant public appearances and tours. This year the Queen is due to go to Canada and to Ghana. She will be accompanied by Prince Philip, who is at the moment on a world tour of his own. Other members of the Royal family who will be away this spring are the Queen Mother, starting for Kenya next week, and the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, who leave for Central and South America the week after. (Pictures of Prince Philip's tour are on page 161.)

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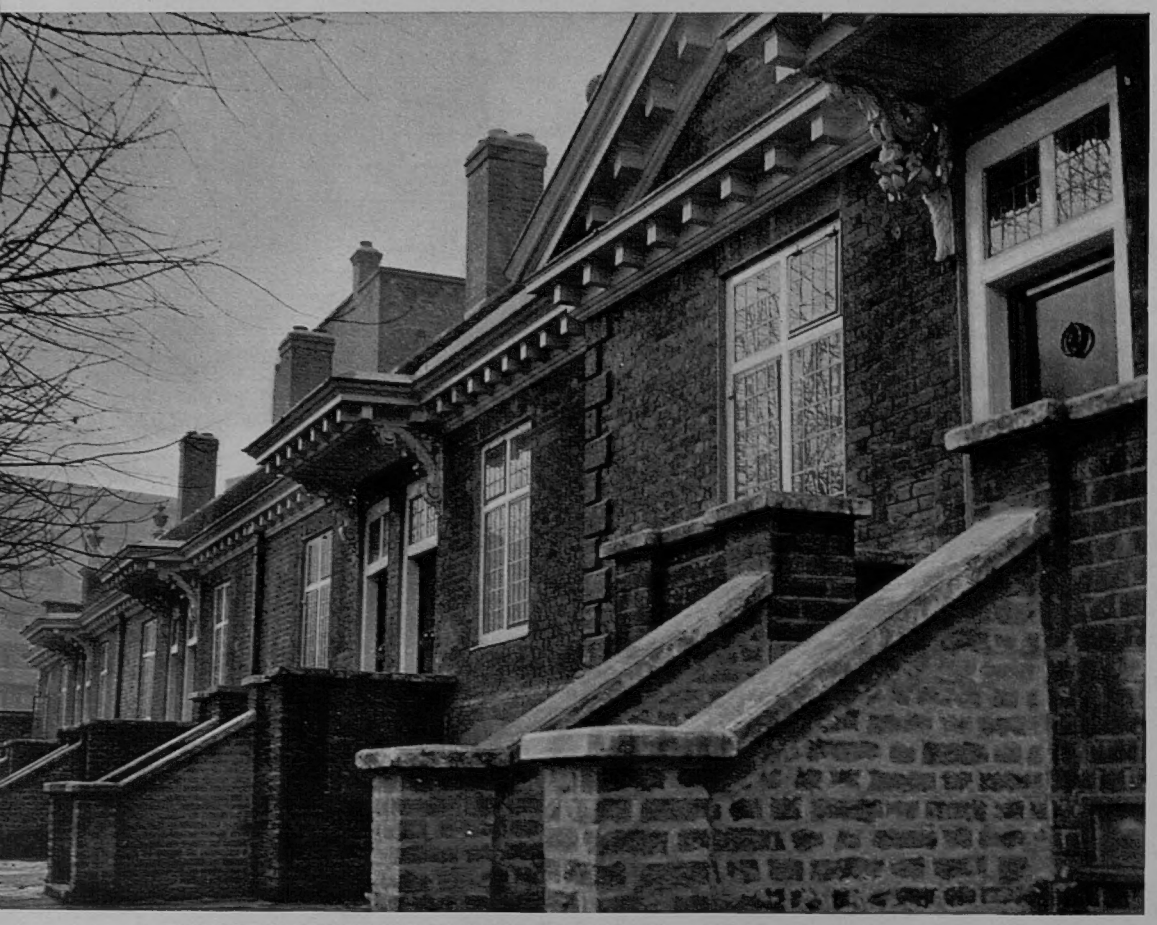


RESTORATION OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ALMSHOUSES: *Left*—The twenty-three houses of Trinity Green, in the Mile End Road, in London, have been restored and leased by the London County Council. *Right*—On one of the houses is a plaque which commemorates Captain Henry Mudd, who gave the ground on which the Corporation of Trinity House built the almshouses in 1695. It is thought likely that they were designed by John Olley, who, at that time, was Clerk of Works in the City of London.

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W

"Inside America"—I have for years kept an open mind about the value of State visits and of the visits of Heads of State to foreign countries, especially to countries where political relations have been difficult. During such exchanges, the distinguished visitors are very much hedged in by prearranged programmes and very often can hardly see what they are intended to see beyond the hedge of security forces which forever surround them, especially in a polyglot nation some of whose nationals may have no cause to love the visitor. But even when all is compliments and cheers, I am often pained to note that when the shouting dies and the red carpets are rolled up, it is hard to observe "what good came of it at last." The bitter wrangles and arguments seem too often and too soon to follow on the speeches and high hopes of understanding and happier relations. Mr. Mikoyan, no doubt, kept careful notes of all which he discovered about those United States, and I confess I should like to have heard his reports to the Kremlin derived from them. For America, the land of surprises, seems to have upset many of his preconceived opinions. The capitalists—Russia's bugbear—appear to have got on best with him. He found no great love of Communism among the exploited "workers," and by and large I fancy he returned to Russia with ideas of Western democracy, and what it stands for, as hazy as before his visit. But he no doubt played his role of good fellow very well, for even Mr. Dulles seems at one time to have thawed under his genial smile. And any temporary slow thaw in a decade-long freeze-up is welcome. It remains to see how long the thaw lasts and whether some of the longest icicles go on dripping. The President's "answer" did not encourage the hope. Before he left, Mr. Mikoyan was made aware of the balanced budget for the year—£27,500,000,000, of which 60 per cent. would be spent on cold war defence. This gives little hope of mutual understanding or the "finding of a common language based on justice," or, indeed, on plain common sense. The optimism of the President lies in his belief that the American economy will be strong enough to bear this burden and leave a surplus.

What Mikoyan Was Up To—

The mystery of what Mr. Mikoyan went out to do in America was finally solved in Britain (after the spilling of a vast amount of printer's ink and words) by a shrewd leader-writer. (Perhaps the President had tumbled to the truth even earlier.) Mikoyan's target was never the U.S. Government but the American people. His raid was a most audacious example of the modern technique of appealing to peoples over the heads of their Governments. He brought no offers to the Administration and took back no political bunch of grapes. It was a trade mission, and during it he did his damnedest to fill his carpet-bag with "prospects." This was all very well in its way, directly pleased the industrial tycoons and should indirectly have pleased the Government. But what cannot be forgiven is that the technique of appeal *ad homines* over the head of Government has hitherto invariably been applied to underdeveloped and colonial countries. In short, Mr. Mikoyan had the cheek to assume that sauce for a gander would do for a big goose, and he humbled the great U.S.A. by dismissing it as an underdeveloped former colony, and treating it as such. That is an insult which a less self-confident and powerful nation than America could not be expected to stomach. Worse still, the sickening technique seems to have had a measure of success.

Mr. Macmillan Goes on Building-up—

There is nothing soft or flabby to-day about the Premier and Lady Dorothy matches him in devotion to duty. Their tour of the North-East daily began early with the temperature well below freezing and the smog varying from gloomy to black-out. The Premier believes in attack as the best means of defence. The Hartlepools are a marginal seat, as he reminded his supporters there. He needs no P.R.O.s. He can build up his personality off his own bat. He is so very versatile. Wherever he went, he was in his element, talking good French to the French mistress, a boy among the boys, an ex-service man among the legionaries, a publisher among the bookish, an kindly critic in the school of art. He really it all to admiration; odder still (he is only five y short of man's allotted span), he never seems to and wears no hat as protection from the iciest bl for his hair is still reasonably luxuriant. I never un stand why the cartoonists always invest his face a rather pathetically puzzled look, one which fi one or two of his predecessors in office. For part, I never saw a man who to-day appears to h so little doubt about the worth of his achieveme and what remains to do during the next six ye A pity that he won't have the means or time to every marginal or Socialist-held seat during the fortn before the General Election. For he is a vote-win *viva-voce* and man to man.

FAMILY SEND-OFF FOR LORD HOME: At London Airport are, from left to right, Lord Dunglass; the Earl of Home; Lady Diana Douglas-Home; Tunku Ya'acob, High Commissioner in London for Malaya; Lady Meriel Douglas-Home; and the Countess of Home. Lord and Lady Home were seen off by their son and daughters on their departure for their visit to Malaya.

No Garden Parties—

As I forecast wh the Royal Family's overseas tours were first announc the London Season of 1959 is likely to be sho of some of its fashionable and popular features. is already announced that the garden parties at Palace will not take place, and I suppose Asc will be a Hamlet without all the Princes. As for garden parties, perhaps fewer young hearts break, now that debutantes are no longer be Royal-stamped, and in any case they become over-crowded, and, in consequen perhaps less decorous than in their earl more exclusive days. I note that Lord Altrinch is on the war-path again, taking perhaps leaf from the book of the anti-blood-sp fraternity in bullying the Queen, and it rather unfortunate that, for reasons q beyond *his* control, so many of the critici he has made of Royal doings, goings comings, seem one by one to be attended His latest programme for the Sovereign see to envisage a peripatetic monarchy, wh must have no headquarters in Britain, must for ever be on the move throughout Commonwealth, established first in one coun and then in another. Windsor Castle Buckingham Palace must be no more than lodg houses during the periodic term of residence England. The courtiers must be stiffened less tradition-bound servants, drawn from over the Commonwealth of all races colours. The Prince of Wales should, course," have gone to a village school and ceeded on to a Secondary Modern and a Techn School, and Princess Anne presumably must farmed out to prepare herself for marriage

ENRICHING THE EAST END OF A LONDON CHURCH: The new reredos behind the Altar at St. Mark's Church, Regent's Park, was dedicated recently by Bishop Wand, Treasurer of St. Paul's Cathedral, and formerly Bishop of London. In the centre of the triptych are scenes described by St. Mark and on the two side panels are pictures of Saints.

a suitable young man of whatever colour from some part of the Commonwealth. I am comforted to know that Altrincham's instructions are not directly the cause of the evolution of the monarchy. The Queen goes on her way as seems best to her, no more influenced by him than by he *anti*-fanatics, and I am not even quite satisfied that he nations of the Commonwealth are all in agreement with Altrincham that Windsor Castle, and all the tradition nd pageantry it stands for, should be relegated to the status of a periodic lodging-house. "We are none of us infallible —not even the youngest of us," and perhaps the Commonwealth still retains a sneaking affection for protocol.

Schedule A—I cannot believe that our kindly Chancellor will not at last abolish for ever that ridiculous, unjust and illogical impost on house-owners, Schedule A, with the echo of more than one Conservative Government's slogan concerning "a property-owning democracy" ringing in his ears. As pointed out often, it is a capital tax pure and simple, and now unique. It is assessed on no income calculation, merely on a guess at a potential income in circumstances which do not arise; and it can be mulcted as high as 17s. in the £. The householder can get no relief at all for the time spent by himself in "do-it-yourself" repairs, and any work that could by stretching be called an "improvement" to his property is denied relief. He may obtain paltry relief if he shows a bill for repairing a leak in his roof or a rotten draining-board, but if he installs a more modern draining-board or protects a shelf from flies and dust with a covering, his claim to relief is scouted. He must not improve his property, he may only patch and prop, if he hope for any consideration. What an encouragement to owning a house on the "never, never" or in any circumstances! Perhaps no part of our rotten taxation system is more incomprehensible, obscure, illogical and unjust than Schedule A.

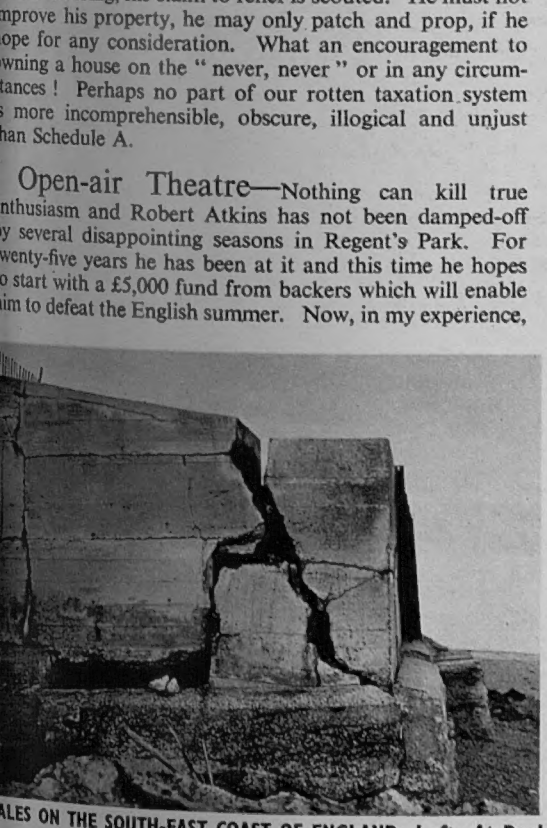
Open-air Theatre—Nothing can kill true enthusiasm and Robert Atkins has not been damped-off by several disappointing seasons in Regent's Park. For twenty-five years he has been at it and this time he hopes to start with a £5,000 fund from backers which will enable him to defeat the English summer. Now, in my experience, Shakespeare (or who not) in the open air, on a perfect summer evening, is an unmatchable and unforgettable pleasure, but the first use to which the fund should be put must be to protect both players and audience from the miseries and disappointments of our summer. No doubt, Mr. Atkins has seen our "local" open-air theatre in Lord Horder's garden near Petersfield. There, the audience has always been protected without loss of open-air amenity and I do not think it would be beyond the wit of man to devise a plastic tractable hood to be drawn over the stage either at Lord Horder's little theatre or elsewhere, which would still afford all the delights of *al fresco*. *As You Like It* or the *Dream* were surely meant for open-air production, and last year at Steep even *Othello* triumphed in an open-air setting, but I should have felt happier if Desdemona had kept her bed as dry as I my seat.

Arthur Wontner—I read that Mr. Arthur Wontner kept his eighty-fourth birthday last week. I was never a dramatic critic but "I know what I like." And I "liked" Arthur Wontner. As a Shakespearian actor I judge that he was in the front rank in his day. His delivery of Shakespeare's lines was, in my humble opinion, unmatched. Perhaps only Henry Ainley could be compared with him as a voice capable of getting everything (intended and added) out of immortal lines. Still, as when I was younger and perhaps more impressionable, I recall with pleasure and even ecstasy, his delivery of Buckingham's farewell lines in *Henry VIII*. In that role, he had everything, a superb dignity and presence and a voice of such beauty and clarity that made each single word shine like a star in a planned firmament of loveliness. Do I exaggerate the unfading impression made on me by a lovely voice speaking noble lines? I do not think so. Old men forget, but seldom forget their great emotional experiences, however distant, upon which the value of the lives they have lived so much depends, and I for one who heard him then, refuse to obey his injunction: "Hear what I say and then go home and lose me." Such voices were always rare and are rarer to-day.

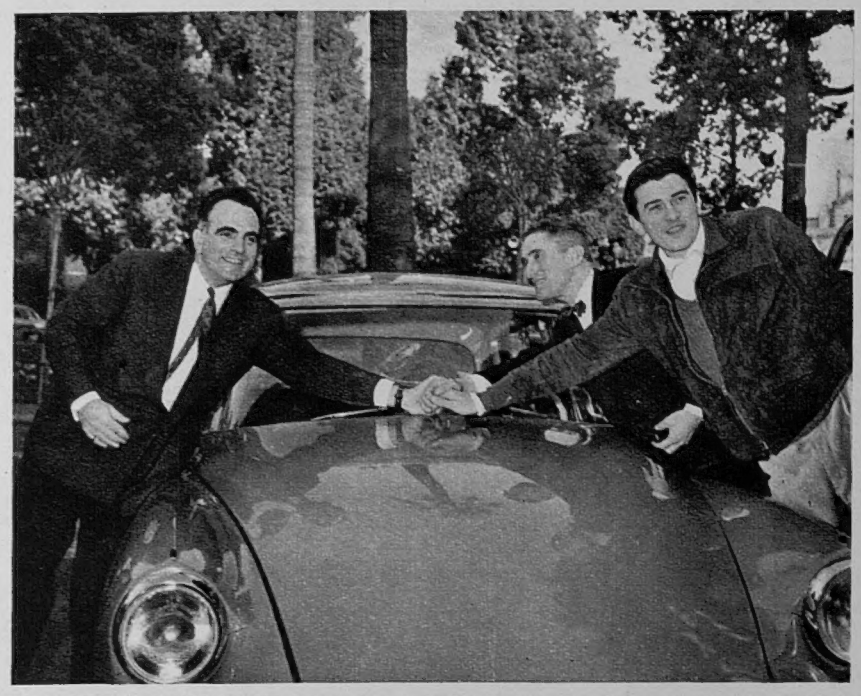
. . . Springs Eternal—Peter Pans are not rare in the human race and the search for buried treasure can still thrill the hearts of adults. I don't know how many Spanish galleons went down in our Western bays. Most of them were reputed to have carried exactly £4,000,000 in gold or silver bullion, and few of them, so far dealt with, have yielded up much more than an encrusted cannon ball or two. But neither hope nor search is ever abandoned, and to-day two more ventures are on foot. Mr. Seel, of Nelson, has bought a trawler to lift the £4,000,000 in Cardigan Bay and the Leicester Exploration Club will be trawling the Devon and Cornwall coasts for the Spanish silver (worth precisely £4,000,000) which only awaits lifting. I suppose the odds against winning even £250,000 from these submarine ventures are about as long as those against winning the bonanza pools prize. But the Spanish galleon method of get-rich-quick is more romantic and less stuffy and if I were as happy in the sea as a herring, I should choose that way. I am not. At the time of writing, I still allow myself to harvest about 2½ per cent. net on my trifling capital.

"Muddied Oafs"?—The freeze-up and thaw proved very unkind to one of our major industries and interests—football. As with county cricket in a wet summer, so with football in a frost- or flood-bound winter, serious financial questions arise. The stars in their courses cost a deal of money which the public subscribe when they can see the stars. For a fortnight at a vital time, very few were visible and those unrecognisable in a coating of mud, and even the pools could not work. Not that mud, slush, frost and snow deter our mudlarks. Another lot went off on the Monte Carlo Rally in the worst of weather conditions to cross Europe, from Glasgow and Athens. Slush never deters fanatics. They will suffer for the cause—be it anti-nuclear or record-making—whatever the weather. There is a good case for not playing football in summer—the weather is generally too bad; and I suppose the Monte Carlo Rally is staged when it is, because conditions are then likely to supply the best test of endurance. Old armchair critics wonder why these young people do these things at this time of year. But we do not withhold our admiration. For these recreations are much more innocent than all the business of barricades and street fighting, sabotage and *coups d'état* beloved by other races, and less costly in lives and treasure; and though the pictures of sporting mudlarks which we are shown, reveal men in sub-human and ridiculous postures, those which depict the street-fighters usually suggest a colony of apes in a drunken orgy in a jungle Bedlam. The muddied oafs at the goal and the steering-wheel *deserve* our sympathy, even if we do not share their enthusiasms.

THE OLD STAGER



ALES ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF ENGLAND: *Left*—At Deal, in Kent, a huge crack appeared in the sea wall after it had been pounded by heavy seas during recent high winds and storms. Hundreds of tons of shingle were washed away by the breakers. *Right*—Waves lap round the base of Sandown Castle at Deal. The sea washed away the shingle to reveal the white chalk foundations of the building. Normally shingle covers the white section of the wall (left). The Castle was built by Henry VIII for coastal defence.



THE WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: *Left*—Shaking hands across the bonnet of their car, a Citroën D.S.19, are the French crew, P. Coltelloni, P. Alexandre and their passeng C. Derosiers (centre). *On right*—The winning car, the Citroën D.S.19, is seen during the rally. The French drivers started from Paris and incurred a total of 308 penalty mar in the provisional results. France also gained the next three places. Second was a Simca driven by A. Thomas and J. Dellière, third a D.B. Panhard driven by P. Surles a J. Piniers, and fourth another Citroën driven by Marang and Badoche.

On right—
EN ROUTE FOR DOVER: Leaving a service station on the way from Glasgow at the start of the Monte Carlo Rally is a Jaguar driven by B. Waddilove and A. Wood. The Charles Faroux Trophy, for the best team of three cars of the same make, was won by the Jaguar team of G. Parkes, P. Walton and E. Brinkman.

DITCHED: In the tricky mounta section three cars skidde one after another, into t ditch. Nobody was injure

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER: A batch of cars, which started from Glasgow, is lined up at the dockside before being transported across the Channel. The highest-placed British car finished fifth. Conditions this year were thought to be somewhat tricky. The rally ended with a "classification test" over a difficult course in the Alpes Maritimes, during which competitors had to maintain a high, uniform average speed.

MONTE CARLO RALLY

French Cars Gain the First Four Places

This year's Monte Carlo Ral the twenty-eighth in t series, was indisputably a Fren victory. Cars from France fill the first four places. Of t competitors who started fro many points in Europe on th long drive to Monte Carlo, 1 reached Monte Carlo itself with the time limit, to face the fin "classification test" over 2 miles of tortuous mountain road Many competitors suffered heav during this last phase of the ra It was necessary to keep a hig average as well as uniform spee

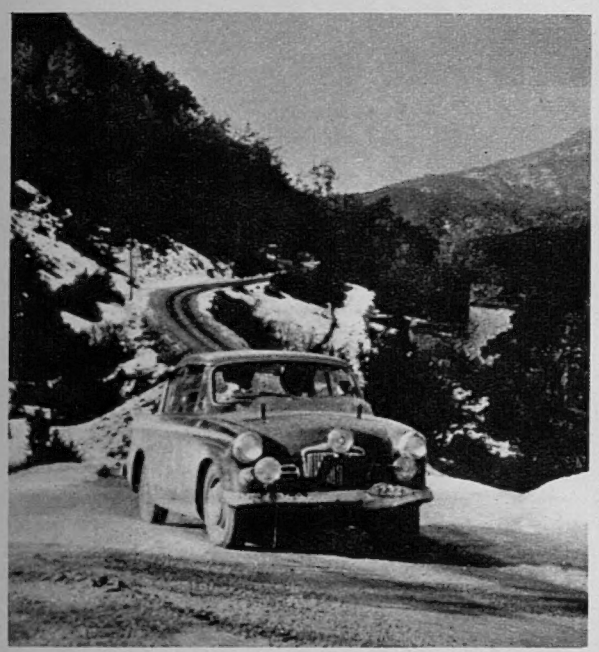
After the first results we announced there were a numbe of protests and a feeling o dissatisfaction over the organisa tion of the rally. Many criticise the method of stamping th competitors' cards during th final test. After the Automob Club of Monaco had issued th first results, a revised list wa published. Although British ca failed to win the highest plac in the general classification, th did carry off two coveted prizes the Coupe des Dames and th trophy for the best team of c of the same make.

THE BRENNER PASS: The all-British team of Mrs. A. Hall, Mrs. N. Mitchell and Mrs. L. Grounds, drive in their Ford along the snowbound road. They started from Stockholm and were runners-up in the Coupe des Dames.

DRIVING THROUGH THE SNOW: Behind a Volvo, driven by B. Martensen, of Sweden, rise the towering pine-clad Alps of the Brenner Pass. Strapped on top of the luggage rack are two spare tyres. Another Volvo, driven by G. Bengtson and C. Lohmander, finished sixth.

On right—

HIGHEST-PLACED BRITISH CAR: A Sunbeam Rapier, driven by R. Adams and E. McMillen, returns to Monte Carlo after completing the mountain test. Losing 502 marks, they finished fifth in the provisional classification. A Sunbeam in last year's rally was also the highest-placed British car.



WINNERS OF THE COUPE DES DAMES: Driving round one of the hairpin-bends on the road to Monte Carlo, Miss P. Moss and Miss A. Wisdom are photographed in their Austin A.40. It was only the second time the Ladies' Cup has been won by an English team.

MOUNTAIN BEND: On the final section to Monte Carlo along the French Riviera, G. Grant and B. McCaldin in a Sunbeam Rapier are dwarfed by the rocks through which the road is cut. The car finished 114th according to the provisional general classification.

THE FINISHING LINE: An Aston Martin driven by a British team successfully completes its journey from Glasgow. A total of 161 competitors reached Monte Carlo during the time limit to face the final difficult mountain circuit, on which another forty were eliminated.

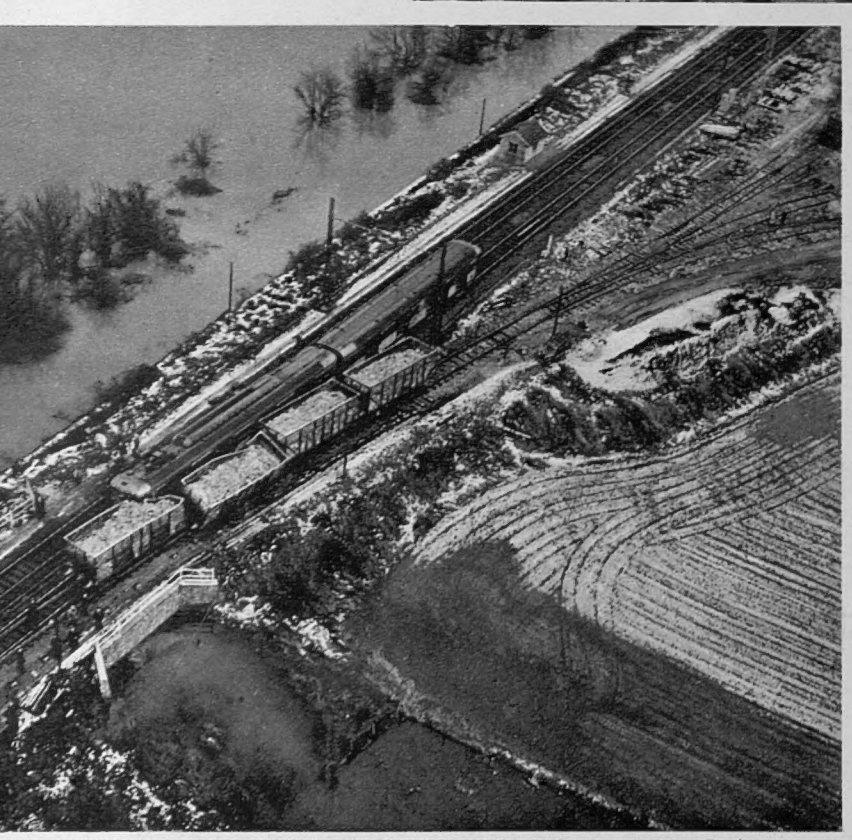
AFTER THE RAIN

Flooding Causes Chaos in Britain, France, America and the Netherlands

A ROAD BECOMES A RIVER: At Maidenhead, in Berkshire, traffic proceeds in a single column along the swamped A.4 London to Bath road which runs through the centre of the town. On the left people make their way along an improvised foot-path. Towards the end of last week the heavy flooding which occurred in the North of England as a result of the thaw and heavy rain spread to the Southern Counties. Many people were forced to evacuate their homes and there was extensive damage to property. Rivers rose rapidly and the floodwater submerged many thousands of acres of land. With the addition of snow and ice, road conditions in many parts of Britain were described by the R.A.C. as "atrocious." Weather conditions have also been particularly bad in America. Floods, snow, rain and bitterly cold winds have paralysed many towns. At least sixty people are known to have lost their lives in mid-January and damage is expected to run into millions of pounds. The prevailing weather conditions in the eastern half of the United States have been described as the worst for at least twenty-five years.

BRITAIN'S FLOODED ACRES: The view, taken from an aircraft, shows part of the low-lying ground at Wargrave, near Reading, in Berkshire, which was innundated by the rising waters of the Thames last week-end. At the beginning of the week, thousands of acres of land and many roads in Southern England were still under floodwater. In some places, rivers had risen at a fast rate, threatening homes and shops.

SEVERE CONDITIONS IN AMERICA: *Left*—The town of Sharon, in Pennsylvania, lies paralysed in floodwater. The widespread flooding followed heavy snowfalls, ice-storms and rains driven by high winds. *Right*—In a New York car park, vehicles are half-submerged in floodwater.



FLOODING IN FRANCE AND THE NETHERLANDS: *Left*—In southern Paris a two-coach passenger train has collided with a goods train. At this point, floodwaters from the Seine cover the land on each side of the railway line. Downstream, the waters of the river are starting to recede but upstream thousands of acres of land are still submerged. *Right*—At Dalen, in Holland, a farm is isolated by water. The recent flooding in the East Netherlands followed storms which broke out after a thaw. **(See *also* pages 174-175.)**

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AT JAIPUR: A gaily-caparisoned elephant stands in the background as the Duke and the Maharajah of Jaipur walk past during their tour. At Jaipur, the Duke also visited the Old Palace and the Girls' High School. Later, at Agra he visited the Taj Mahal.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN INDIA: He is looking at a team of oxen at Jaipur during his tour of the city's palaces and monuments. The visit to Jaipur was one of many which the Duke has been making during his stay in India. He arrived by air from London last week on the first stage of his world tour which will last until the end of April. The Duke is the first member of the Royal Family to visit India since Independence, the last Royal visit having been made by the Duke of Gloucester seventeen years ago. On arrival in Delhi Prince Philip was met by Mr. Nehru, who accompanied him on his first drive through the city. Later in the same day, and again on the following day, the Duke attended the forty-sixth session of the Indian Science Congress to receive an honorary degree from the Chancellor of Delhi University and to address the delegates. Outside Delhi the Duke is visiting an atomic energy establishment; aircraft and machine tool factories; and the steel plant under construction at Durgapur.

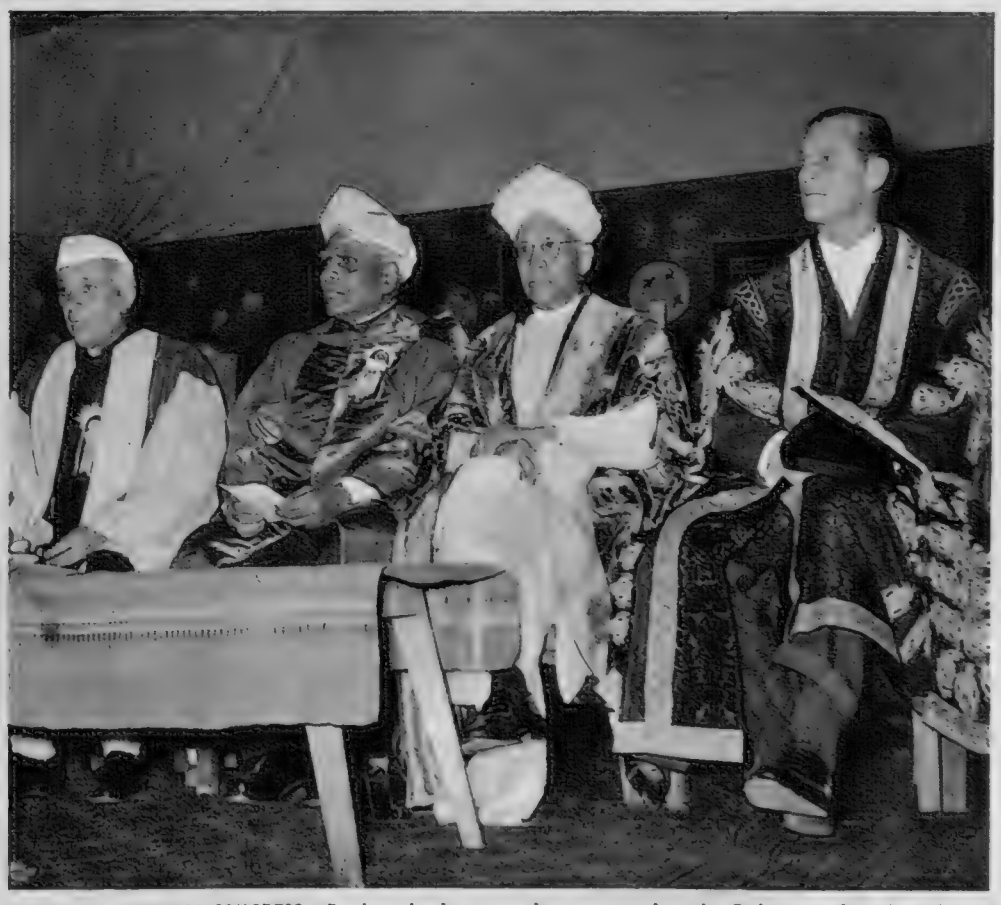
On right—

WELCOME TO DELHI: Prince Philip waves his hand as he drives with India's Premier, Mr. Nehru, from the airport to President's House. The Duke had travelled from London in a B.O.A.C. Comet IV jet airliner, but his arrival was delayed by more than two hours owing to a thick ground mist.

On left—

A GARLAND OF FLOWERS FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: The Duke, with the traditional emblem of welcome, stands with Mr. Nehru at the airport during the arrival ceremonies.

WITH THE PRESIDENT: The Royal visitor shakes hands with Dr. Rajendra Prasad during their meeting in Delhi. Dr. Prasad was elected to be the first President of India in 1950 and re-elected in 1957.



THE INDIAN SCIENCE CONGRESS: During the inauguration ceremonies, the Duke, wearing the robes of Chancellor of Edinburgh University, sits with Dr. Radhakrishnan, Chancellor of Delhi University; Dr. Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of Madras University and President of the Congress; and Mr. Nehru.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MIKOYAN'S UNPLANNED STOP: The Soviet Deputy Prime Minister stands in the snow at the American naval base at Argentia, in Newfoundland. With him is Captain Hastings, the commanding officer of the base, an interpreter and an escort of U.S. Marines. The airliner in which Mr. Mikoyan was flying from New York to Copenhagen at the end of his American tour, had developed a fire in one of its engines over the Atlantic and had been forced to turn back. It landed safely at Argentia, a radar station in the early warning system against surprise attacks from Russia. The Soviet leader spent 17 hours there.

On right—

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT BOURNEMOUTH: He pauses by the beach during his reconnaissance of the Bournemouth East and Christchurch Constituency which he had announced he intended to fight at the next election. Mr. Churchill's visit to Bournemouth last week brought to a climax two years of strife in the constituency. The Executive Committee of the local Conservative Association disowned the sitting member, Mr. Nigel Nicolson, after the Suez intervention for refusing to support Sir Anthony Eden.

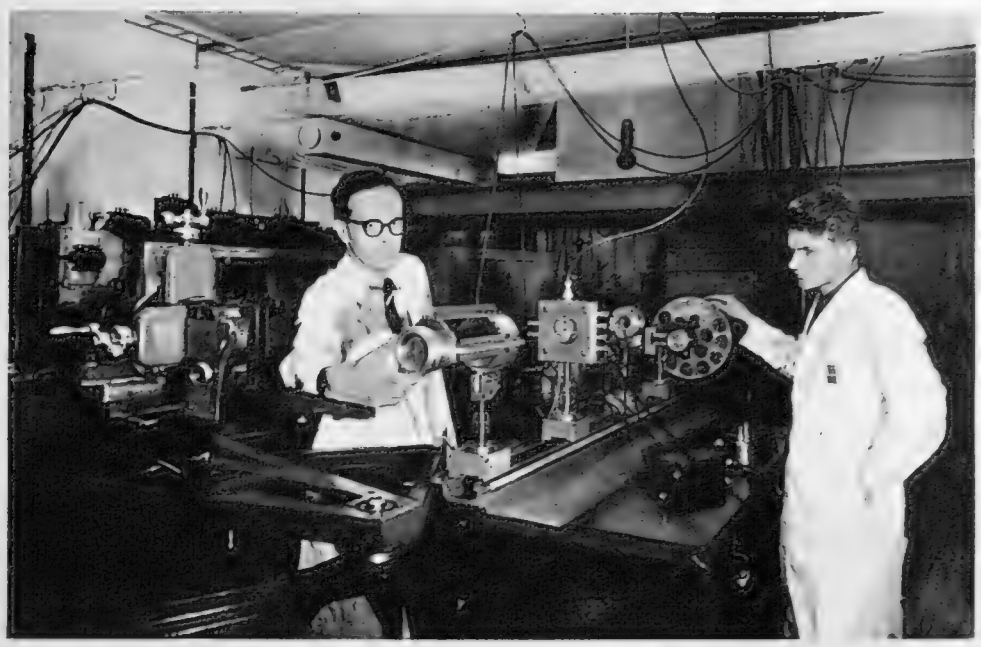
RUSSIA PLACES A CONTRACT IN DENMARK: In Copenhagen Mr. Mikoyan drinks a toast in champagne with Mr. Neils Munck, a director of the Burmeister and Wain shipyards. On his way back from America to the Soviet Union, the Russian Deputy Premier and economics expert stopped in the Danish capital, where it was announced that the firm is to sell to Moscow the designs for their latest high-powered diesel engine for tankers and merchant ships. On reaching Moscow he gave a Press conference at which he described his impressions of America and declared that Russia had not given the West an ultimatum over Berlin.

ARRIVING FOR A CRITICAL MEETING: Mr. Nigel Nicolson, M.P. for Bournemouth East and Christchurch, is greeted at the entrance of the constituency Conservative H.Q. He was about to attend the meeting last Saturday of the local executive, presided over by Lord Hailsham, the Conservative Party Organisation Chairman. After three hours of private deliberations it was agreed that a postal ballot should be held of members of the local Conservative Association as to whether Mr. Nicolson should be their candidate at the next election.

THE DEATH OF MIKE HAWTHORN: The famous motor racing driver is seen at a luncheon in London a few days before he was killed in an accident while driving along the Guildford By-pass. *On left*—The wreckage of the car by the road after the accident. Hawthorn was driving his 3.4-litre Jaguar along a straight stretch of the by-pass. The surface was wet and there was a high wind. According to reports of eyewitnesses the car struck the rear side of a lorry, skidded and went over the kerb, almost uprooting a small tree. Hawthorn, who was twenty-nine, won the world championship last summer by a single point—the first Briton to do so. In December he had announced his retirement from Grand Prix racing.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A BRAIN OPERATION USING A BEAM OF PROTONS: At the Werner Institute for Nuclear Chemistry, at Uppsala, Sweden, Professor Svedberg stands by the syncrocyclotron built under his supervision for the operation.



RADICAL BRAIN "SURGERY": Demonstrating the intricate machine which was used to focus a beam of protons are Per Olof Kinell (left) and Hr. Boerje Larsson. The operation took two hours and was completely painless. The patient, a man aged fifty-five, had suffered chronic nerve pains and depression for five years. After the operation he walked home feeling completely normal. There were no ill effects a month afterwards. He was to be kept under close observation for a long period. The operation was performed by a neurologist, Professor Lars Leksell, who was assisted by a professor of anatomy, Hr. Bror Rexed. They and other scientists were members of a team working for two years on the new method of surgery. During treatment the patient was kept rotating so that the beam of protons produced by the syncrocyclotron penetrated the tissue to a depth of 8 ins. to hit the affected area from different directions. Only the exact spot, which was about the size of a fingernail, and on which the beam was focussed, was "burnt away."

A GERMAN DELEGATION OF FEDERAL PARLIAMENTARIANS: At the Foreign Office in London are, from left to right, Dr. Echard Reith (Christian Democrat); Herr Helmut Rohde (Social Democrat); Frau Irma Blohm (Christian Democrat); Mr. John Profumo, British Minister of State; Herr Linus Memmel (Christian Social Union); Frau Margot Kalinke (German Party); and Herr Otto Walpert. They are members of the Public Health Committee of the Federal Parliament. The German delegation was on a reciprocal visit in connection with the inter-Parliamentary Union.

FROST DAMAGE ON THE PRESTON MOTORWAY: Cracks and bubbles, considered dangerous to motorists travelling at high speed, appear on the surface of the new motorway after heavy frost. The motorway was closed, after it had been open only forty-seven days, so that repairs could be carried out. The Preston Motorway was opened by the Prime Minister on December 5 of last year. Mr. J. Drake, the Lancashire County Surveyor, said that the nine miles of dual-carriageway would be repaired and opened again "within a fortnight." During this time, workmen were to carry out additional drainage work in an endeavour to dry out the grass verges. Water had seeped under the surface of the road down to the foundations. It turned to ice and pushed up the macadam and asphalt finish. After a thaw the macadam subsided. Only about half of 1 per cent. of the surface of the motorway was affected.

ARGENTINIAN AIR DISASTER: Rescue workers wade through the sea off the coast at Mar del Plata to bring ashore a fragment of the Curtis airliner belonging to the Austral Company. The aircraft crashed into the sea during a rainstorm. It was one of the greatest disasters in the history of civil aviation in Argentina. Of the fifty-one people on board, fifty were killed. Rescue parties arrived quickly but were hindered by bad weather and darkness. The sole survivor was found exhausted on the shore after he had swum to the beach. The crash occurred 200 yards offshore and portions of the wreckage were visible in the light of flares. Among the victims were a number of people prominent in Argentinian affairs.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ITALIAN LEFT-WING SOCIALISTS BREAK WITH THE COMMUNISTS: Signor Nenni, the Socialist leader, speaks at the conclusion of his party's congress in Naples. The climax of this year's convention was the passing of a resolution approving severance from the Communists, with whom the Socialists had hitherto been allies. The motion, introduced by Signor Nenni himself, was carried by a majority of more than 60 per cent. of the delegates. It declared that the party had "chosen the democratic method to achieve Socialism." As result of further voting Signor Nenni and his supporters obtained control of the party's executive from the pro-Communist elements in their ranks. After the Congress there was much speculation about the Nenni Socialists' attitude towards the Socialists of the Right-Wing group in the Social-Democrat Party of Signor Saragat. Hopes were expressed in some quarters that they would combine in a united Socialist Party. Early indications were that this was unlikely to happen.

TRIALS CONTINUE IN BAGDAD: Bahjat el-Atiyah, formerly Director-General of Internal Security in Iraq, stands in the dock before the special military court which is trying a number of people prominent in the regime of King Faisal and his Prime Minister Nuri es-Said. The charges alleged against Bahjat el-Atiyah by the prosecution included torturing prisoners and numerous arrests on false accusations. During a session of the court last week, the President, Colonel Mahdwadi, was reported to have made statements implying that Colonel Aref, the former Deputy Premier, had been tried in secret on treason charges. Colonel Aref was right-hand man to General Kassem in the *coup* of last July but later fell into disgrace. Another statement indicated that Rashid Ali, a former Premier and leader of the 1941 revolution, had also been tried for treason.

On right—

PRINCE HASSAN RETURNS TO SCHOOL: The twelve-year-old brother of King Hussein of Jordan is seen at London Airport on his arrival from Amman. He was returning to school in Sussex after spending the Christmas holiday in Jordan.

RELEASED UNDER THE ALGERIAN AMNESTY: M. Messali Hadji, leader of the M.N.A., the Algerian Nationalist organisation which rivals the F.L.N., is greeted by his followers at Chantilly, outside Paris. Three years ago he was sent to Belle Ile, off the Breton coast. Under the terms of the recent amnesty he has now been permitted to return to Metropolitan France. The amnesty freed 7,000 Algerian internees, reduced prison sentences and commuted death sentences to hard labour for life.

DEMONSTRATION IN EAST BERLIN: A uniformed parade makes its way along a snow-covered street. The object of the demonstration was to show support for the current Soviet proposals for a peace treaty for Germany. The large portraits in the background were reported to be those of "German Communist Martyrs." The pictures would appear to be, on left, of Karl Liebknecht and, in centre, of Rosa Luxembourg. They were the Spartacist leaders who were shot in mysterious circumstances in January 1919. *On left*—The banner carried by the demonstrators bears the inscription: "Fight for the conclusion of a peace treaty with Germany." At the end of last year Russia outlined proposals to the West by which a peace treaty should precede reunification of the two parts of Germany.

World Affairs

OUR MAN IN THE BAZAAR

By JOHN CONNELL

OCCASIONALLY on issues which seem to be of some political or diplomatic importance I keep my own file of Press and Parliamentary comment. A selection of mine obviously lacks the thoroughness of a good newspaper library: it is idiosyncratic; but every now and again, like the magpie who hoards a diamond brooch amidst a pile of inexplicable rubbish, I find myself in possession—years afterwards—of a treasure, in the way of absurdity, irrelevance, pomposity, misjudgment or mendacity. I wish now that I had had the foresight to make a file of this kind about the Castro revolution in Cuba. But, alas, like that of most people in the Foreign Office, my ignorance of Cuban internal politics was—and is—massive. I am fortunate in that I can cheerfully admit my ignorance.

The Cuban affair is, I suspect, likely to become a minor *locus classicus* of its kind, given an exquisite edge of irony by the intervention of Mr. Graham Greene, who, only a few weeks before the rebels' final victory, had had a novel published, whose title was *Our Man in Havana*, and whose sombre and sardonic hilarity was uncannily near the truth. Mr. Greene certainly needs no adventitious aids to increase the sale of his books; but no publicity agent, with a brief-case loaded with sure-fire gimmicks, could have timed it more prettily. However, if Mr. Greene shines in the role of "the man who knew all about it," if the Foreign Office looks a trifle deflated, and if it is charitable not to reflect too deeply on the feelings of Her Majesty's rather hapless Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, it has also been somewhat macabre fun to watch the elegant somersaults thrown by respectable Left-Wing commentators, who first of all hailed Dr. Castro as a new Latin-American Garibaldi, and then took a very different view when his opponents were machine-gunned and bulldozed into communal graves.

Of course, British diplomatic representatives abroad should keep themselves as thoroughly informed as possible about everything that is happening in the countries to which they are accredited. Of course, theoretically they ought to be as fully apprised of the existence and the intentions of opposition groups as they are of the policy and the outlook of those in power. It is very regrettable when they are not; and after a successful *coup d'état*, with the President in exile and the chief of the secret police the subject of very disagreeable experiments by his successor—rough and cruel as is the world in which we live—the Secretary of State is likely to have a difficult quarter of an hour next Question Time, and the prospects of a well-earned K. or even more glorious G., at the end of a distinguished career, diminish sharply

KEY FIGURE IN CUBA: Dr. Fidel Castro, the successful leader of the revolution on the island, emphasises a point at a recent Press Conference. Later he said that Cuba would ask for "a revision and nullification of onerous concessions given to foreign enterprises." The statement was cheered by a huge crowd in Havana.

In certain countries, where there is freedom of opinion and a free Press, where the Opposition happily and zestfully opposes the Government in Parliament, in newspapers, on platforms, on the radio and on television, it is not only necessary, it is quite easy, to be in touch with all sections of opinion. Nobody in either Britain or the United States, for example, is shocked or angered if Mr. Whitney has Mr. Gaitskell to luncheon, or gives a talk at Chatham House. In totalitarian countries, however, activities of this kind are either extremely dangerous or completely impossible. Foreign diplomats are not regarded as the friendly emissaries of friendly countries; they are the spies of the enemy, and everyone from the most junior Attaché to that cunning old fox, the Ambassador himself, must be treated always with the utmost suspicion. Courtesies—even nowadays a certain degree of mutual back-slapping and cultural camaraderie—can be permitted on official occasions, at selected formal parties; but nothing more.

Even then the personnel permitted to attend come from strictly defined, if secret, categories. Foreign diplomats are discouraged from meeting persons who are—for any reason—outside these categories. In Moscow, for example, until a comparatively short time ago, it was difficult not to meet Mr. Bulganin at official and diplomatic parties. Nowadays he is obviously off limits; and to try to pay him a visit, since he has confessed that he has for years plotted against the Party and the State, would be for the British Ambassador or any of his staff a somewhat hazardous enterprise.

Ambassadors have been known to complain (in their rare unbuttoned moments or when they retire and write their memoirs) that of recent years they have become mere postmen. With the growth in speed and frequency of modern communications, there is a good deal of force and justice in the complaint. The word "plenipotentiary," which forms part of an Ambassador's formal title and letters of credence, has rather a hollow ring. Postmen are not encouraged to negotiate on behalf of the Postmaster-General. But even postmen are supposed to keep on the alert, and to be aware that there may be something wrong when, at a house which they have visited every morning for years, the mail piles up in the letter-box, the doorbell is not answered, the lawn looks unmown and no dog barks. The signs of movement and change in a foreign country are not so easy to apprehend, but they are usually there, and awareness of their significance is an essential part of a diplomatist's job.

Why is it that our Embassies abroad so frequently appear, in times of change and crisis, to be either gravely misinformed or totally uninformed? On the Ambassadorial level doubtless it would be indecorous and tactless of H.E. himself to be discovered hobnobbing with grim-faced conspirators in squalid little cafés on the wrong side of the tracks. But there ought to be others capable of doing just this, on whose information H.E. ought to be able to rely, whose reports he himself would read and trust and transmit to London by the appropriate means. The gathering of intelligence at this level may not be a seemly task even for lowlier members of H.E.'s staff, whose names and appointments are publicly known and recorded year by year in the Foreign Office List. But there are others . . . the sort of chap whose arrival is discreetly announced: "Colonel Carstairs would like to have a word with you, sir. He says it 's urgent. I 've shown him into the library," or "Major Carruthers came in before dawn, sir. We 've put his . . . er . . . clothes in the incinerator. He says that he 'd be grateful if, after he 's had a bath and a shave, he could see you. Meanwhile, sir, perhaps you 'd like to have a look at his left sandal . . . he says don't bother about the bloodstains . . ."

What, in fact, has happened to the old and once-trusted firm of Carstairs and Carruthers? Do they operate at all? Or do they operate under insuperable difficulties? No responsible person, in or out of office, in or out of Parliament, wants to know more than he should about Carstairs and Carruthers; he simply wants to see the result of their work in policy which is based on sound information, efficient and successful. Mr. Graham Greene, in *Our Man in Havana*—the novel, not his letter in *The Times* and the subsequent flurry—gave the impression, not for the first time in modern fiction, that the contemporary successors of dear old Carstairs and lion-hearted old Carruthers (Carruthers, you know, began as an Indian cavalryman and spoke seventeen Asiatic languages) are ignorant, self-important muddlers, so preposterous as to be a menace.

What I sometimes wonder is if they are allowed to function at all. Does H.E. unravel the grubby but vital report concealed in Carruthers' battered left sandal? And if he does, does he transmit it to Whitehall? Or—since Carruthers, if he is doing his job as he should, must move in very odd, unfashionable circles (Castro circles, in fact)—does he give it a very low reliability grading and substitute for it, in his next letter to London, a full account of an interesting and encouraging conversation he himself had with the Minister of the Interior at a party at the Czech Embassy last week?

The Cuban misfortune, after all, has not been the solitary example, in recent times, of the Foreign Office—and the British Embassy on the spot—being markedly out of touch with reality. The Middle East, with which, off and on, I can claim some acquaintance, used once upon a time to bristle with Carstairs and Carruthers. In fact, in my unregenerate youth, whenever in some back alley or crowded *suq* I was accosted by a peculiarly repulsive beggar whining through his blackened teeth for alms, I would take off my hat, bow, and say, "Evening, Carstairs"—a childish gambit which never failed to give me a good deal of pleasure. But, like the flies in Communist China, Carstairs and Carruthers seem to have been put out of business lately in the Middle East.

Cairo to both the dear fellows was once almost their home ground; but in 1952, when the Society of Free Officers accomplished their *coup d'état*, which got King Farouk off the throne and Colonel Nasser into the Presidency, the conspirators themselves, convinced of British imperialist duplicity and cunning, massed powerful forces on the Cairo-Suez road in order to stop—at any cost—a British move on the city. They then sent two of their number to the Embassy at two o'clock in the morning, in order to apprise the Ambassador, in coldly hostile terms, of their achievement. The Ambassador was on leave. They saw the Oriental Minister, who was sleepy and puzzled but remained at the same time polite and utterly inoffensive.

Six years later, in the British Embassy in Bagdad, where it had become habitual to believe every word uttered by Nuri es-Said, there was one summer morning an equal atmosphere of surprise and shock—with rather graver, sadder consequences. Where are all the secret files of the Bagdad Pact organisation now? Damaging as the looting and gutting of the Embassy was to what remained of British prestige, that raid had in addition—and achieved—a severely practical purpose. What happened there, as in Cairo six years before, to Carstairs and Carruthers? Did a message from either of them get through, and if so was any attention paid to it?

Diplomatists in every capital in the world need all the intelligence they can get; and they must have sources on which they can rely. The happy days of dressing-up as disease-ridden beggars may be past; but in radically different circumstances it seems a pity—and sometimes more than a pity—that the British Government is so often and so blatantly without the information on which to base a policy of any kind.

THE PATTERN OF A FACTORY: Outside Turin is the Mirafiori motor-car works of the Fiat Company. In the background are the snow-capped Italian Alps. The company runs a comprehensive social welfare service for employees and dependants.

CARE OF CHILDREN: *Left*—Equipped with protective goggles, children of Fiat employees undergo sun-ray treatment. *Right*—In the sun-ray treatment centre built on the bank of the River Po children sit in the fresh air. The centre is equipped with swimming-pools.

HOMES FOR EMPLOYEES: This group of houses in Turin was built by Fiat. The first group of apartments under the "Casa Fiat" housing plan has already been completed in Turin. It comprises a total of 1,400 dwellings in various parts of the city. They have been assigned to 6,000 workers, three-quarters workmen and a quarter office staff.

On right—

A DAY NURSERY: As part of the welfare service, a nursery is attached to every factory. Mothers who cannot leave their children at home can take them to a nursery for the whole day. Such nurseries cost Fiat over £44,000 every year.

SOCIAL WELFARE SERVICES IN ITALY

The Fiat Company of Turin Provides its Employees with Nearly Everything From Homes to Children's Holiday Camps

For many years, the Fiat Motor-car Company in Italy has undertaken a comprehensive welfare service for its thousands of employees. This is called a "department for social services," and it looks after some 85,000 employees. Undoubtedly the most important feature of the development of this side of the company's activities is the Mutual Benefit organisation. This originated in a society started in 1920-21, with 1,200 members. The actual benefit organisation was inaugurated in 1949 and to-day it assists 185,000 employees and dependent relatives.

The company spent in one year (1956) the sum of over £14,000,000, part in compulsory contributions to the State Social Security Funds and part for its own welfare work. This was equal to over 30 per cent. of the salaries paid by the firm. Members pay no contribution to the Mutual Benefit. The services provided cover every kind of medical treatment from hospital cases to immediate assistance following bereavement. During 1957, over 2,500,000 consultations were given by Fiat "Mutual" doctors. Not only hospital treatment is provided, for Fiat also maintains a convalescent home called the "Villa Roddolo." It consists of a group of villas set in a large park.

The first chairman of the Fiat Company was Giovanni Agnelli. Under his paternal eye holiday camps were opened, enabling children of employees to spend their summer holidays either in the Alpine valleys or on the Italian Riviera. Each factory is equipped with a day nursery where mothers can leave their children during the day under expert care. Catering in the factories in Turin and other parts of Italy is geared to produce up to 20,000 meals a day. Employees pay a minimum for food—a plate of soup costs ½d.

Fiat established playing fields, cultural centres and libraries before Mussolini published his instructions regarding amenities for employees after work. At the centre on the River Po, just outside Turin, there are facilities for rowing, tennis, bowling and billiards. The company has also started on a new housing scheme. This consists of the erection of 2,500 dwellings in Turin with 200 more in Milan, Rome, Florence and Avigliana. Already a large proportion of these homes have been allotted and the remainder will be assigned this year.

IN THE MOUNTAINS: At the Alpine holiday camp built amid the pine trees at Salice d'Ulzio children play netball. A round tower, like that at Marina di Massa, marks the loca Children who go there range in age from six to twelve years old. They are accompa

RETIREMENT HOME: At Moncalieri, near Turin, is this home for pensioned workers with thirty years seniority, who lack family assistance. It was named after the first chairman of the company, Giovanni Agnelli, and was built to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the company.

On left—

HOLIDAY CAMP BY THE SEA: Claimed to be the largest in Italy, the camp at Marina di Massa is noted for its imposing tower-like building, erected in 1933. The company first started holiday camps for children in the 1920's. Every year about 6,500 are given a holiday in summer or in winter for those needing sea air.

n the Upper Susa Valley, a group of
f the camp. This was built in 1936.
n the journey by registered nurses.

AFTER WORK: At one of the athletic grounds in Turin, competitors round the bend on the running track, watched by a crowd of spectators in the stand. The Fiat sports, recreational and cultural centre has over 45,000 members. At its headquarters on the River Po, there is a fully-equipped rowing club and an ice-hockey team. There are also in Turin two athletic grounds and a group of modern swimming-pools.

MONEY, FISH AND ATOM POWER

Conferences in Cairo and London; A Mission to the Far East

On right—

AGREEMENT SIGNED IN CAIRO: Sir Denis Rickett (left), the leader of the British Delegation, and Dr. Kaissouny, Minister of Economy for the United Arab Republic, initial the Anglo-Egyptian financial settlement. Mr. Eugene Black, the President of the World Bank, whose successful mediation had done much to ensure a successful outcome of the talks, said the formal signatures would be added in a few days. The agreement provides for a lump sum payment by Egypt of about £27,500,000 to the British Government as compensation for Egyptianised British properties and to cover claims for losses sustained by Egyptian sequestration of property or money. Claims against the sum will be withheld from the Egyptian sterling balances in London and will be judged and administered by the British Government. Dr. Kaissouny said the current value of sterling balances to be released to Egypt was £45,000,000. Claims for war damage compensation by Egypt and for compensation for the loss of the Suez base by Britain appeared to have been allowed to lapse. Thus they would cancel each other out.

MEETING THE RUSSIANS: At the International Fishing Conference in London, Mr. John Hare (left) chats with the chief Russian delegate, Mr. Sukhoruchenko (right), and members of the Soviet delegation.

SURVEYING THE WORLD NUCLEAR ENERGY POTENTIAL: Members of an Assistance Mission of the International Atomic Energy Agency (I.A.E.A.) are seen in Vienna before setting out for the Far East. Seated are, from left: Miss Mary Papworth (I.A.E.A.); Mr. Sterling Cole (Director-General, I.A.E.A.); Dr. Harold Smith (I.A.E.A.). Standing, from left, are: Dr. Georges Bigotte (France); Dr. Hugh Belcher (Britain); M. Francois Pikler (I.A.E.A.); Maheshwar Dayal (India), and Mr. Charles Beaumont (I.A.E.A.). The Mission is visiting Burma, Siam, Indonesia and Ceylon to survey the possibilities of development of nuclear energy for peaceful purposes in those countries. It is the first of a series of missions to be sent to various parts of the world by the Agency which was established under the aegis of the United Nations in 1957.

On right—

MAKING THE OPENING SPEECH: Mr. John Hare, the Minister of Agriculture (standing, background), opens the conference of fourteen nations, meeting in the Ministry of Agriculture, in London, to discuss the adoption of a new Fisheries Conservation Convention. The area under discussion, said Mr. Hare, was one of the most important fishery regions in the world. It stretched from the Barents Sea to north of the U.S.S.R., across the southern tip of Greenland, south to the Bay of Biscay and the waters off Spain and Portugal, to the Straits of Gibraltar. The Minister went on to say that unless some restraint were exercised there was a danger that there would be no fish left. It was generally agreed that, with intensified and improved fishing operations, the 1946 Convention was no longer adequate. The present Conference was due to consider almost any kind of conservation measure concerning any species of fish.

ONE OF THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED TERRITORIES OF AFRICA: Inhabitants of a village near Ruhengeri, in Ruanda, gather for the taking of a census. Ruanda is the northern of the two territories which combine to make up Ruanda-Urundi. They lie on the eastern border of the Belgian Congo and have a population of 216 per square mile. The former German colony was placed under the Mandate of Belgium in 1919.

THE PEOPLE OF RUANDA

Congo's Neighbour Which is a Little-known Country Under Belgian Trusteeship

RUANDA-URUNDI, an area of 20,500 sq. miles, bounded by Belgian Congo, Uganda and Tanganyika, is an East African territory with which few are familiar. Probably philatelists may be among those most knowledgeable about it, for the Belgian Postal Service issues every year a set of gaily-coloured stamps which provide information about the flora, fauna, people and races. As with so many other lands in Africa, progress is on the march in Ruanda-Urundi.

It was only in 1894 that white men penetrated the territory, the first to do so being the German Count Gotzen, who negotiated treaties with the Mwamis, or Kings, of Ruanda in the north and Urundi in the south.

THE NATIVE RULER : *Left*—The Mwami, or King, of Ruanda gives instructions to a servant outside his palace in Nyanza. Like all his Batutsi tribe, the native ruler is extremely tall. The servant is a Bantu, of smaller stature. *Right*—Mwami Mutara III sits at his desk and discusses affairs of State with his Belgian Political Adviser.

As a result the country was incorporated into German East Africa. It remained German until 1919, when it was ceded to Belgium as mandatory of the League of Nations. After the Second World War, a Trusteeship under Belgium was approved by the United Nations.

The Belgians have continued the two administrative counties of Ruanda and Urundi and each still has its native ruler, coming from the most aristocratic families of the tribe which dominates the native people in the country, the Batutsi. They are a clan of giants—with an average height for men and women of 6 ft. 6 ins. —and they dwarf the Bantus whom they regard as their natural servants. The Batutsi are believed to have originated in the border regions of Abyssinia and the Sudan and probably settled in the fifteenth century to the east of the great lakes of Kivu and Tanganyika.

They are the wealthy class, owning land and property. Their fields are cultivated for them by labourers—often Bantu women—and they are possessors of large herds of beef cattle, the hides of which are exported. The Batutsi also regard it as a normal right to fill the leading posts in the native administration and in commerce.

Rudahigwa Mutara III, the Mwami of Ruanda, is a majestic figure in every way. Tall even by the standards of his own people—he is nearly 7 ft.—he is known as the "big" king in comparison with the "little" king of Urundi, who is no more than the average for the Batutsi, a mere 6 ft. 6 ins. Mutara's family has ruled for centuries and he succeeded his father in 1931 when the latter was deposed by the Belgians for non-co-operation with the mandatory power and for opposition to proposed reforms. The present king fully recognises the need for reforms so that the country can progress from its feudal state towards democracy.

Supreme authority in the country is delegated by the King of the Belgians and the Belgian Parliament to the Vice-Governor, who presides over a Consultative Council. The country has been united economically with Belgian

(*Continued on following pages*)

IN THE FIELDS: Most of the land in Ruanda is owned by the ruling tribe of the Batutsis, but the work in the fields is carried out by Bantus, whom the Batutsis regard as servants. The chief crop of the Belgian Trust Territory is coffee, which is an important export. At one time the country was prone to famines, but now the Government pays special attention to the raising of food crops. The recent constitutional plans announced for Congo do not apply to Ruanda-Urundi. Further development towards representative government is under consideration.

On right—

TAILORS AT WORK: They sit or squat on the ground by their sewing machines in the market-place at Astrida, on the main road which runs northwards from Usumbura, the capital of Ruanda-Urundi. In background is a building of a type common in the towns of the territory.

THE WEALTH OF THE BATUTSI: Large herds of bullocks of this type are owned by the tribe and roam the valleys. The hides are one of the country's very few exports.

On right—

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE: A native court, with natives on the Bench, is in session in Nyanza. The Africans control their own courts in the administration of native jurisdiction throughout both Ruanda and Urundi.

THE PEOPLE OF RUANDA

(*Continued from previous page*)

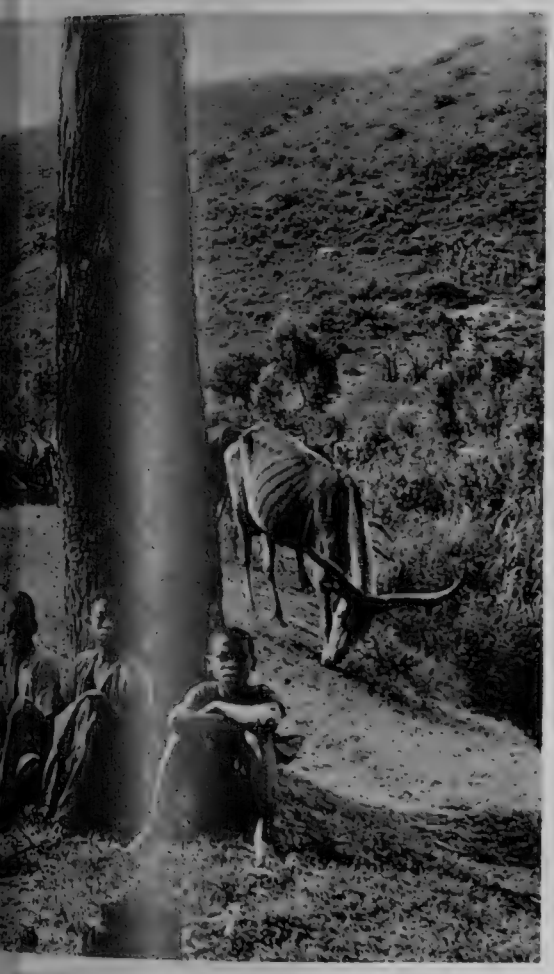
Congo since 1922 but, being an international trusteeship, it is a separate political unit. In the recent announcements from Brussels of reforms for Congo which should lead to eventual independence, Ruanda-Urundi was specifically excluded from them. This is because its future cannot be decided alone by Belgium. The matter must be referred to the United Nations. It is understood that proposals will soon be made to that body which will ensure that the people of Ruanda-Urundi do not feel they are being left behind by their neighbours.

The problems for the Trusteeship territory are different from those of Congo. The country is still in some ways in a state of feudalism mixed with democracy. The feudalism persists in part through the superiority of the Batutsi. For example, the magistrates and judges of the native courts are almost all members of the tribe. Development along modern lines must inevitably bring social changes. More roads are being built—there are 4,870 miles of highways, according to the latest available figures, but no railways; hospitals are in the main centres and at Astrida there is a medical school; education is spreading, the majority of the schools being run by Protestant or Roman Catholic missions.

Economy presents several problems. Ruanda-Urundi, with a population of 4,425,000, of which only 6,400 are Europeans and 2,400 Asiatics, is one of the most heavily populated areas in Africa. With a density of 216 inhabitants per square mile, its figure is exceeded only by the islands of Mauritius, Réunion, the Seychelles and Zanzibar. But it is not a rich country. In the past famine was a not infrequent phenomenon and the danger of it is only avoided to-day by the planning of food crops under supervision by the Government. The other two exports besides hides are coffee and tin. These are not enough to overcome a serious adverse trade balance, which has to be made up by the Belgian taxpayers.

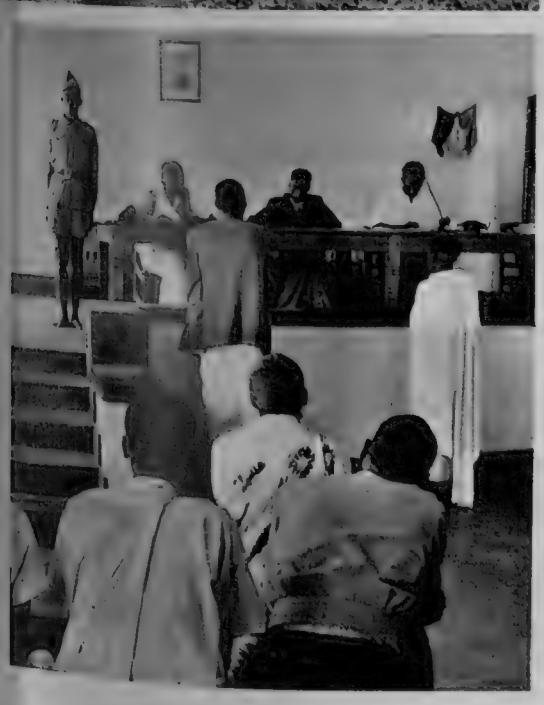
One inexportable commodity which is possessed in abundance is fine scenery. A journey through the territory is worth making on this score alone. The shores of Lake Kivu and Lake Tanganyika are especially beautiful during the rainy season, when it rains for an average of one hour a day and for the rest of the day the sky is brilliantly blue. Usumbura, the capital, is a commercial centre with many modern buildings and a number of good hotels. Further north in Ruanda, near the border with Uganda, there are ranges of volcanic hills rising above small lakes. Together they present a striking landscape.

ANCIENT AND MODERN : *Left*—Ntore dancers under instruction. They are young aristocrats, the sons of chieftains of the Batutsi, and they must learn the traditional dances which are part of the ceremonial at the Royal court of Nyanza. *Right*—The group of sculpture above the entrance is a feature of an administrative building in Usumbura.



A MARK OF NOBILITY: The style and cut of the hair of the young girl show that she comes from one of the most aristocratic ranks of her tribe. Like their men, Batutsi women are very tall and dignified in bearing.

A LESSON IN ANATOMY: Students gather round the demonstration figure during a lecture in anatomy at the Medical School at Astrida.



A LAND OF CONTRASTS : A woman is carried on a primitive stretcher to the hospital at Astrida. Behind is a petrol pump outside a garage. It is only sixty-five years since the first white man—a German—penetrated Ruanda-Urundi, and it was incorporated into German East Africa. To-day many modernisation schemes are in progress.

"SMALL HERBS HAVE GRACE"

Country Cures for Minor Ailments; Curious Remedies Suggested in John Wesley's "Primitive Physic"; a New Selection of his Cures.

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN I was a small boy we did not have much truck with doctors. This was not because we did not approve of our local doctor—there was no choice. But I feel sure that we did, though I have no very clear memory of him. It was simply because he was not all that local. He did not live in our village but in the next one and that was some miles away. There was then no telephone, and the road fit for a pony-and-trap (no one had a motor-car) was pretty roundabout and very hilly. It was not bicycling country: it was easier to walk than to walk and push a cycle. So, if you wanted to fetch the doctor, you had to get the pony (no easy matter if she was out at grass), harness her, and then take quite a long drive; and a slow one anyway, because of the hills. It took quite a time. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it would not have been a matter of fetching the doctor, for he would almost certainly have been out: it was a matter of leaving a message, returning home and waiting for him to turn up. He would always turn up—even in the night—but it might take hours. You did not call the doctor unless it was absolutely necessary.

For minor ailments then (and, no doubt, some which would nowadays not be considered so minor) we, and everybody else, used our own home cures. Every country housewife in those days, not so very long ago, was in some measure a herbalist, making use of a lore which had been handed down in her family, or in the neighbourhood, for many generations. It seems to be the fashion now to lift a disdainful eyebrow (if no more) at the very mention of herbalism: to regard those who practise it, or even believe in its practice, as cranks, if no worse. Shakespeare held a different view:

> Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give.

Shakespeare, it will be said, lived a long time ago. It will be said that we have advanced since then, and discarded such foolish fancies, preferring "patent medicines." It is forgotten that every country man and woman over the age of fifty-five, which is setting a generous limit, has had practical experience of the "powerful grace," and has had as a child practical experience of herbalism and "home cures."

I cannot remember all ours, only a few and mainly those which were concerned with accidents. I have very clear recollections of the use of cobwebs for cuts, for I was always cutting myself. What happened then was that my mother (or whoever was handy at the time) went and got a spider's web, of which there were plenty to be found in corners and passages, for no spider was ever killed. This was then wrapped round the cut, and a bit of rag or a handkerchief bound over it. The web stopped the bleeding all right (and very quickly) and, moreover, soon healed up the cut. You will find this also mentioned by Shakespeare. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bottom says: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you." The practice was old in Shakespeare's day: and was unquestioned in my childhood, centuries of practice having proved its worth. Nor, even in these days of patent antiseptic ointments, is it yet dead.

I can remember, too, that a key was the cure for nose-bleeding. I may be wrong about this, but it seems to me, in memory, that bleeding from the nose (both among children and adults) was more common then than it is to-day. Be that as it may, what happened when my nose bled was that I was made to lie down and a large cold key was placed inside my shirt, so that it rested on my spine at the base of the neck. As far as I can remember, this very simple remedy did stop the bleeding quite quickly.

Toothache, believe it or not, was cured (or at least eased) by vinegar and pepper on brown paper. It had to be brown paper, by the way, not white: good thick brown paper. This was dipped in vinegar and then warmed in front of the fire. Pepper was then liberally sprinkled on it and it was bound to the face with a scarf. It did the trick, too.

I have been reminded of this (and thus of the rest) because I have been reading John Wesley's *Primitive Physic*: or, rather, a selection made and edited by William H. Paynter, and recently published in Plymouth. What reminded me immediately was Wesley's method of treating a bruise: "Immediately apply treacle spread on brown paper." We never treated bruises like that: but the "brown paper" rang a bell. You may think that treacle and brown paper is an odd way of treating a bruise (you probably think that vinegar and pepper and brown paper is a pretty odd way of treating toothache anyway) but we have Wesley's own word for it that he used it himself frequently. Obviously, he would not have returned again and again to its use if it did not work. Wesley was not only a brilliant man: he was also a man of profound common sense.

In 1746 Wesley founded a dispensary for poor people in London. Before doing so he consulted "an apothecary and an experienced surgeon." The dispensary filled a long-felt want, and in the first three weeks he treated some 300 people. In the following year he published *Primitive Physic or an Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases*. This curious and fascinating book contains definitions of diseases followed by prescriptions for their cure. It is not entirely a piece of original research, for many of the prescriptions are taken from the writings of Boerhaave, Cheyne, Dover, Mead, Lind and Sydenham; and some of the remainder, no doubt, are traditional.

To modern, educated minds many of the remedies (and some of the diseases) are peculiar, to say the least of it. The point to be remembered, when reading them, is that Wesley himself believed in both the disease and the remedy, believed as thoroughly as he did in the efficacy of treacle and brown paper. He was not a charlatan in this—or anything else. Nor can he be lightly dismissed as an over-credulous man. Wesley was a highly-educated man, and a great man, the founder of Methodism. His life spanned the eighteenth century (he was born in 1703 and he died in 1791). During it, certainly in the last fifty years of it, he had an enormous influence upon the whole social and industrial (as well as on the religious) life of the nation.

Wesley was convinced of the value of his medicines. In the 1755 edition (the first in which he makes mention of electricity in the practice of medicine, which was very forward-looking of him) he wrote: "It is my design to set down cheap and safe and easy medicines, easily to be known, easy to be procured, and easy to be applied by plain unlettered men." And he also says: "I advise all in or near London to buy their Medicines at the Apothecaries Hall. There they are sure to have them good." That is not the advice of a crank. Moreover, he was not anti-doctor. He advises his readers: "In uncommon or complicated disease, or where life is more immediately in danger, to apply to a Physician that fears God."

I suppose that the best known of his prescriptions is that relating to Old Age: "Take tar-water every morning and evening . . . or be electrified. . . . But remember! the only radical cure is wrought by *death*." Some of his prescriptions are unusual: for example, for curing hoarseness he recommends rubbing the soles of the feet before the fire with "garlic and lard well beaten together." Some are bizarre: for curing whooping-cough he recommends swallowing four woodlice alive in a spoonful of jam "when the whoop will vanish." An alternative which he recommends (he is fond of alternatives) is: "Catch a mouse, kill it, put it in the oven and roast it till it's burnt to a cinder, take it out and pound it to a powder in a basin of milk and give it to the child to drink." To prevent consumption he recommends giving children raw slugs to eat, and as a cure for this disease he suggests (among many others) "an infusion of a quart or so of garden snails steeped in new ale."

But not everything is as unorthodox as these. He is a firm believer in fresh air, cold water, milk, honey, treacle, salt, vinegar and the use of the common English herbs. Although he often gives a number of alternatives for the treatment of each disease (which may, perhaps, suggest that he is not always very confident about some of them) he is on occasion surprisingly dogmatic. He says firmly: "Lentils and rape-seed are a certain cure for small pox." And I wonder what made him say that?

Primitive Physic had an astonishing success. It reached its twentieth edition in 1781 and its thirty-sixth in 1840. It was widely read, and widely used. People, in all walks of life, did use Wesley's herbal remedies. People, in all walks of life, did drink infusions of garden snails steeped in new ale, did swallow woodlice in jam, did eat powdered earthworms, did (presumably) give their children raw slugs to eat. People still use many of the herbal remedies—gypsies do, for example—even in these days of "National Health." Perhaps there are still, here and there, people who swallow woodlice in jam, people who drink ale fortified with snails (the stuff needs fortifying anyhow!). People still use cobwebs for cuts and grazes.

Mr. Paynter's little book may, perhaps, encourage bolder spirits (or superstitious spirits) to experiment. Mr. Paynter (who knows his countrymen very well indeed) evidently thinks this likely, for he makes it clear that he accepts "no responsibility or liability for any effects, good or bad, resulting from the taking of the following remedies and cures." It is true that you cannot read *Primitive Physic* without saying to yourself every now and again: "I wonder if, I wonder what it tastes like." I have no intention of fortifying my beer. But I wonder if . . . well, Wesley says that rubbing with onions till the head is red and then rubbing with honey will cure baldness. I am as bald as a billiard-ball.

TRADITIONAL CEREMONY IN SCOTLAND—THE OPENING OF THE SALMON FISHING SEASON: At Kenmore, Miss Margaret Rae, manageress of the Breadalbane Hotel, is about to break a bottle of whisky over the bows of a small boat to mark the opening of the rod salmon fishing season on the River Tay. Pipe-Major George Mackenzie plays during the ceremony. Earlier, he had led a procession of anglers through the village to the water's edge. After the ceremony seven anglers set out from the hotel to fish the icy river. The salmon season on the Eden also opened on the same day.

OPEN-CAST COAL IN SCOTLAND

Work at Cauldhall is Due to End Shortly

Cauldhall is a typical open-cast site, worked by civil engineering contractors for the National Coal Board. Opened in May of 1957, it is due to be closed down shortly since there will be no coal left. It will have had a life of about two years—average for an open-cast site. The chief merit of open-cast operations is economic; they are the most profitable section of the National Coal Board activities. This is a potent argument in their favour since the Board is facing a surplus of coal and increasing competition from oil. When the Scottish Division of the Board announced a proposal to close down twenty Scottish collieries, the Executive Committee of the National Union of Mineworkers protested vigorously against the opening of further open-cast sites in Scotland. They said open-cast was agreed to be a temporary measure. Although in some cases it would not be possible for the N.C.B. to halt proposed open-cast mining as contracts are signed, they have agreed to cut back such projected mining by 3,000,000 tons.

OPEN-CAST MINING IN THE LOTHIANS: There are extensive operations at Cauldhall, near Dalkeith, Midlothian. From the top of the "gorge" downwards are topsoil (kept in great mounds to be replaced); a layer of clay; a layer of sandstone; a layer of coal called Great Seam; another layer of sandstone; and lastly a second layer of coal called Diamond.

AT CAULDHALL: At the top of the pit on the left is a giant excavator, which moves at a speed of 3 m.p.h. Below, coal is loaded on to a lorry backed against the cliff-face. The coal is sent to Newbattle to be screened.

A VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS: Coal is loaded on to a lorry. The Cauldhall site has produced about 2,000 tons a week. It was due to be closed some time soon, since continued production is considered to be uneconomic.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SITE: Stretching across the picture is the jib of the giant excavator, which has a capacity of approximately 20 cub. yards. The Scottish Executive Committee of the National Union of Mineworkers has protested against proposals to open new open-cast sites.

WINTER'S BEAUTY

Scenes of Snow in the Netherlands; the Highlands; and the Lake District

On left—

HOLIDAY-TIME IN THE NETHERLANDS: Haarlem, in North Holland, Du people, well protected against the winds, make their way in procession the top of a local "Cresta Run," form by the hard-packed snow of the rec heavy falls. This hilly area just outs the town attracts toboggan enthusia from over a wide area, for the lo fast run is one of the finest in No Holland, having many sweeping cur along its course. The scene is remi scent of a Breugel winter landsca

SPLENDOUR ON THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND: Taken from one of the higher ridges on the north side of Glen Nevis, in Inverness-shire, the picture is a fine study of the snow which has settled on the magnificent sweep of the slopes in the environs of one of the finest glens in Scotland. Ice-capped peaks stand out sharply against the skyline and brilliant sunshine reflects shadows down the mountainside, emphasising the desolate beauty.

On right—
IN BRITAIN'S ALPINE REGION: At Tarn Hows, one of the National Trust beauty spots in the Lake District, skaters take advantage of the winter weather. As a result of the very cold spell, many of the fine stretches of water froze over, providing excellent surfaces for skating.

On left—
THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS WEAR THEIR ANNUAL WINTER COAT OF SNOW: From a helicopter belonging to the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, the camera looks down on the snow-covered slopes of the Highlands three miles north-west of Evanton. Hinds, startled by the noise of the aircraft, scamper towards the hillocks. The picture was taken during an aerial survey of damage in the Highlands as a result of the severe freeze-up.

On left—

GERMANY: On the River Rhine, flowing through its st banks between Koblenz and Mainz, is Castle Katz at St. Go This is probably the most interesting section of the riv

ALL STATIONS TO BAGDAD

It is not generally known that you can buy a railway ticket from Victoria to Bagdad-Ouest, second-class return, for £62 17s. At least that is the latest price quoted by British Railways, although, owing to recent fluctuations in the market value of certain foreign currencies, this may be liable to slight alteration. But for the 300-mile gap in the railway system across Persia it would be possible to continue the journey by rail to Bombay or Calcutta. What a pity there is not a Trans-Asiatic Express.

Other train fares to faraway places are interesting to note, especially in this air age when long-distance travel is nearly always considered in terms of flights. A first-class return to Thessaloniki or Salonica costs £47 9s.; second-class is only £32 return. Should you wish to go to Athens instead, by choice of five different routes, you can pay anything from £56 10s. to £67 5s. first-class, or from £36 2s. to £42 18s. second-class. Should Greece not attract you, Istanbul can be reached by rail for as little as £38 10s. return, second-class, with an extra £18 if you want to travel first.

Yugoslavia does not seem an impossible distance by rail and the prices are relatively much cheaper: Belgrade, second-class return £24 6s., first-class return £35 15s.; Dubrovnik, second-class return £29 11s., first-class return £44 13s.; Split, second-class return £27 7s., first-class return £41 10s. One assumes that you return, but for a traveller to go over the same journey twice in a short time can be very dull. There by rail and back by air is not an unattractive suggestion. There is much to be said for seeing the countryside from a train window.

Although it is not possible to travel by train to Gibraltar, the minimum return fare to nearby Algeciras can be considered at £25 5s. (except, of course, that beyond the Franco-Spanish frontier you travel third-class). Second-class throughout would be £29 13s., and first-class £43. If you could stay the course, Tangier would only be a pound or two away by boat or air. Perhaps, as train journeys go in Spain and Portugal, nearby destinations would be preferred, such as Barcelona for £31 18s. first-class return, or San Sebastián £28 15s. return first-class.

Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland are all served by numerous routes from this country. You can travel by the Hook of Holland, Ostend, Calais, Dunkirk or Boulogne. The second-class fare, return, to Warsaw is £32 13s.; to Prague £26 10s., or to Leipzig £17 2s. The first-class fare to Berlin via Ostend is £25 1s. and via the Hook of Holland £24 6s.

The fare to Finland by rail is quoted and it does not seem so expensive, although the journey must be very long: £37 4s. 6d. second-class return, £51 2s. first-class return, travelling via Hook of Holland, Rotterdam and Stockholm.

With the aid of a Continental timetable very interesting itineraries could be arranged. The slow transformation which railway travel brings has a gentle soothing effect which sometimes compares most favourably with the glaring impact of an airfield sweltering at 90 degs. in the shade, only four hours from London. **W.D.C.C.**

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS EXPLORING EUROPE—I

Suggestions for Holidays on the Move in Scandinavia, Finland, Benelux Countries, Germany, Switzerland and Poland

By GORDON COOPER

RECENTLY, Edward Hutton, the distinguished travel author, reflected in an interview that "The age of the traveller is over; now it 's the age of the tripper. They don't understand what they see." This is rather a sweeping statement and in fairness I would remark that the present-day tripper is usually a person on a fortnight's annual holiday, while the old-time traveller was able to spend months, even years, on his journeys, unshackled as he was by the restraints of a travel allowance.

Obviously, in a changed social and economic environment, travel tastes, too, have changed. I doubt whether our parents, Baedeker in hand, perambulating day after day through the Florentine art galleries, trying not to miss anything, really *understood* this marvellous city any better than I do, content in a more hurried visit to sit at a pavement café table in the Piazza del Duomo taking my fill of the thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral, Giotto's marvellous fourteenth-century Campanile, and the glorious Baptistery. Elsewhere, in every art town of Europe, I could offer similar comparisons. In any case, there is always a small minority who prefer to travel leisurely.

For those who wish to get around a country, I propose to offer suggestions for recommended organised tours, which will enable you to visit a number of interesting places, in reasonable comfort, not easily accessible to the individual traveller. You will be a "tripper," but do not let that spoil your enjoyment, and what you see and understand will largely lie with yourself. I remember not so long ago watching a coachload of British tourists arriving in Assisi, with their shepherd-guide trying to get them during the hour's stay there to visit the Church of St. Francis, but no, the cry went up "We want our tea"—and tea it was, even at the expense of missing the Giottos. Although this was the kind of enjoyment this particular crowd of Britons wanted, yet I would hardly commend their choice.

This is the first of two articles on European holidays. My next, which is due to appear on February 14, will deal with Southern Europe. Now I propose discussing the northern countries, the three Benelux lands, Germany and Switzerland.

FINLAND.—What has this far-northern country got to offer the visitor? Thousands of lakes, which sparkle like jewels, and the extraordinary beauty of the Finnish water routes; "Magic Lapland," the vast area beyond the Arctic Circle; unspoilt nature and vast forests; modern, progressive cities with examples of all that is best in Finnish architecture; and the unique "Sauna" bath. Bennett's offer inclusive tours of Finland, and as Finnish is a most difficult language to understand I think the first-time visitor wants guiding around. If you can spare the time, I urge you to extend your trip into Finnish Lapland, travelling by Arctic Coach to Ivalo and Pallastuntur. The Finland Travel Bureau in Helsinki offers a wide range of organised holidays, and it is worth while studying their current brochure. Lammins, Wayfarers and Fourways also have holidays embracing Finland.

SWEDEN.—The Swedish Travel Bureau and Bennett's both offer well-planned tours of this country. I think an itinerary which can be recommended would be to spend a couple of days at Gothenburg, with a steamer trip along the Bohuslän coast, then by the Linjebuss-Göta Canal combined tour to Stockholm, thence after a short stay in the capital to the Lake District of Dalecarlia. If time allows, a short visit (by ship or plane) to the island of Gotland (Visby, a walled town, is the capital) in the Baltic is worth while. Altogether this would give a good all-round impression of Sweden, even though it omits the rather dull (to me) Swedish Lapland.

MR. EDWARD HUTTON

There is no Englishman alive who has a more profound knowledge and passionate love of Italy than Mr. Edward Hutton. His many books on this country—the first appeared in 1901—are classic companions for every intelligent traveller. He is the perfect cicerone, combining a wide range of learning and scholarship with a most persuasive and attractive style. My own debt to him is enormous. I feel sure, too, that all his friends, known and unknown, will welcome the recent award to him by the Italian Government of one of its highest honours: the Commenda of the Ordine per il Merito della Repubblica, "in a recognition of your admirable and scholarly work in fostering good relations between Great Britain and Italy through your numerous publications which are masterpieces of historical penetration and æsthetic approach." Despite his eighty-three years, I found Mr. Hutton, during a recent visit to his home in St. John's Wood, where he lives in a perfect scholarly atmosphere surrounded by his books, as sprightly and as mentally active and entertaining as ever. He is planning to revisit Naples, taking with him, I feel sure, his copy of Virgil's *Æneid*, whose Sixth Book, he claims, is still the best of guide-books to the region.

G. C.

Above—
FINLAND: On one of the many lakes is the Hotel Aulanko (middle background), near Hämeenlinna. Situated to the north of Helsinki, the town is Finland's chief tourist centre.

NORWAY.—As a change from the northern fjords, I recommend the three-day cruise by coastal steamer service from Bergen to Oslo and vice versa operated jointly by the Stavanger Steamship Company and the Arendal Steamship Company. Sailings are three times weekly in each direction. The South Coast presents a charming idyll in a rocky setting, and there is no better way of seeing it than by the coastal steamer service. The summer here is long and the weather stable. There are about twenty interesting and picturesque ports of call. From Oslo, you might care to spend the rest of your holiday in Norway at the pleasant mountain resort of Lillehammer, which is within easy reach of the capital. The return journey to Bergen could be by the Oslo-Bergen Railway, one of the most remarkable engineering constructions in the world.

ICELAND.—Larger than Ireland, but with a population of only 160,000, this island on the edge of the Arctic Circle is nothing like as cold as its name suggests. The country offers many attractions, such as the Great Geysir and other hot springs, Vatnajokull, the largest glacier in Europe, magnificent waterfalls, the Midnight Sun, etc. A complete Iceland tour can be made for an inclusive cost of £72 16s. Incidentally, Iceland is an angler's paradise, with great facilities for salmon and trout fishing in the country's innumerable rivers and lakes.

DENMARK.—Whatever holiday you decide on in this most friendly of European countries is a delight. But if I had to decide on one, then I would decide on a tour which embraced Copenhagen and Bornholm, which is Scandinavia in miniature. I think the world's yellowest yellow—the mustard fields of Bornholm, seen in June—remain an outstanding travel memory. They light the very sky. Both this tour and that mentioned for Iceland can be arranged through Bennett's.

HOLLAND.—There is no more idyllic method of seeing this most attractive of countries than by travelling by passenger ship on its network of inland waterways. The country is, as it were, brought to the traveller. It is largely a matter of sitting in a deckchair and absorbing the scene. Three British companies offer cruises on well-found ships during the spring and summer, and they allow in their itineraries opportunities to land and go sightseeing in the more important art cities. Should you arrange such a tour towards the end of April there is the opportunity to witness the glory of the bulbfields in full bloom. Do not omit to see the Keukenhof National Flower Show at Lisse, for it is as colourful a floral display as any in the world. At Whitsun, Cornelder's has a tour to the new reclamation works in south-west Holland.

BELGIUM.—Perhaps it is the small size of this delightful country which deters travel agents from organising round tours, except those which are combined also with Holland and Luxembourg. I think that the best way of seeing the country is to do so by short excursions from a centre; Brussels is certainly the best. Incidentally, the Belgian Railways issue five- and ten-day season tickets which come in useful, for there is hardly any point of the country which cannot be reached in the course of a day's excursion. In Brussels, too, there are firms offering daily excursions by motor-coach to the Belgian Ardennes and the Meuse Valley.

LUXEMBOURG.—The only satisfactory way to get to know this very small country is on foot, and it provides everything that walkers could wish for. There is an excellent network of footpaths linking conveniently-situated youth hostels and there is an amazing variety of scenery—forests, breezy plateaux and deep river valleys, old castles and picturesque villages. Ramblers Association Holidays offer youth-hostelling holidays in the Grand Duchy.

GERMANY.—It is necessary to be selective in a sight-seeing tour of Germany, but no travel agent offers just the round trip I would recommend, namely, up the Rhine between Koblenz and Wiesbaden—the most interesting section of the river—and then on to Heidelberg, where you set out along the "Road of the Castles," embracing a garland of romantic ruins along most of its route and several medieval towns. Leave your coach at Rothenburg, surely as lovely an old town as any in Germany, and there join the coach which links Würzburg with Fussen, along "The Romantic Road." (You might like to make the start at Würzburg, but allow three days for the complete trip, with over-night stops at Rothenburg or Dinkelsbühl and Augsburg.) From Füssen (nearby is Ludwig's Neuschwanstein), take the Alpenpost to Lindau for a short tour of Lake Constance, thence back home again via the Black Forest. There are several long-distance coach services available, including one between Constance and Freiburg, whence you can go south to Bâle or north to Baden-Baden or Karlsruhe. For Germany, I would also like to mention an eight-day compact holiday by luxury motor-coach to Berlin, with three nights in the city. Fourways are the promoters of this interesting tour, during which a night is also spent in medieval Hamlin, the Pied Piper town. Germania Travel is a specialist travel agent for Germany.

POLAND.—A warm and friendly welcome awaits you in this country—and a holiday with a difference. Both rail and coach tours are offered by Fregata Travel, and in a fortnight's tour you can see most of the main places of interest, including Warsaw, Cracow, the Tatra Mountains, the Mazurian Lakes and the Białowieza Forest.

SWITZERLAND.—This most efficient of holiday countries, with its foolproof travel by rail and postal motor-coach and the concession tickets that are available, make it quite easy to plan out your own particular tour. I recommend staying at a suitable centre—Brigue, Interlaken, Berne, Zurich and Lausanne are recommendations, according to the regions you wish to see (they are fully detailed in *Switzerland on £25*, by Lance Colam [Muller. 6s.].) For an organised itinerary, I recommend both Motorways and the Swiss Travel Service.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Finnish Information Centre, 56, *Haymarket*, *London*, *S.W.*1.
Norway Travel Association, 20, *Pall Mall*, *S.W.*1.
Swedish Travel Association, 52, *Conduit Street*, *W.*1.
Iceland Information Bureau, 161, *Piccadilly*, *W.*1.
Travel Association of Denmark, 71, *Piccadilly*, *W.*1.
Netherlands Tourist Office, 38, *Hyde Park Gate*, *S.W.*7.
Belgian Tourist Office, 167, *Regent Street*, *W.*1.
Luxembourg Tourist Office, 167, *Regent Street*, *W.*1.
German Information Bureau, 6, *Vigo Street*, *W.*1.
Swiss Tourist Office, 458, *Strand*, *W.C.*2.

RECOMMENDED TRAVEL AGENTS
(referred to in article)

Bennett's Travel Bureau, 11, *Grand Buildings*, *Trafalgar Square*, *W.C.*2.
Cornelder's Travel, 114, *Shaftesbury Avenue*, *W.*1.
European Yacht Cruises, 36, *Edgware Road*, *W.C.*2.
Finland Travel Bureau, 1, *Keskuskatu*, *Helsinki*, *Finland*.
Fourways Travel, *c/o Marshall and Snelgrove*, *Oxford Street*, *W.*1.
Fregata Travel, 122, *Wardour Street*, *W.*1.
Germania Travel, 26, *Old Bond Street*, *W.*1.
Lammin's, 67, *Blenheim Terrace*, *N.W.*8.
Motorways, 85, *Knightsbridge*, *S.W.*1.
Ramblers' Association Services, 48, *Park Road*, *N.W.*1.
Swedish Travel Bureau, 7, *Conduit Street*, *W.*1.
Swiss Travel Service, 69, *Ebury Street*, *S.W.*1.
Wayfarers Travel Agency, 44, *Torrington Place*, *W.C.*1.
Yacht Holidays, 85, *Buckingham Palace Road*, *S.W.*1.

AFRICA

For the visitor to Africa as well as the armchair traveller, two annual reference books dealing with the southern and eastern parts of the vast continent make their welcome appearance. They are the Year Book and Guide to Southern Africa *and the* Year Book and Guide to East Africa. *Both are edited annually by A. Gordon-Brown, F.R.G.S., for the Union-Castle Steamship Company, and published by Robert Hale at 10s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. respectively. In addition to the wealth of information there are numerous illustrations and maps.*

On left—
NORWAY: Amid the tree-covered slopes of the southern coast is the Strand Hotel at Fevik. One of the best ways of seeing this coast is by coastal steamer service.

Above—
BELGIUM: The town of Dinant is built on both banks of the Meuse. It was at the height of its prosperity in the thirteenth to fifteenth century.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST AIRLINER IN THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME: In stormy conditions the Vickers Vanguard turbo-propeller airliner takes off from Brooklands Airfield, at Weybridge, Surrey, for its maiden flight, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes. Mr. R. G. Bryce, the Company's chief test pilot, who was at the controls, said the aircraft's performance was "sprightly." *On right*—A head-on view of the Vanguard taken during preparations for the take-off. The airliner is a completely new addition to the Vickers "family" of turbo-prop airliners. It is designed to offer fast and highly economic operation on all airline routes of up to 2,600 miles. The design is based on Vickers' experience of meeting the requirements of over forty operators with the Viscount. An unusual and important feature of the Vanguard is the "double-bubble" fuselage, providing accommodation for 97—139 passengers on the upper deck and unusually generous freight stowage in the two lower deck cargo compartments. Hydraulically-operated, built-in passenger stairs are incorporated. The Vanguard has a wing span of 118 ft. and is 122 ft. long. It has four Rolls-Royce Tyne engines.

AIRLINERS AND MISSILES

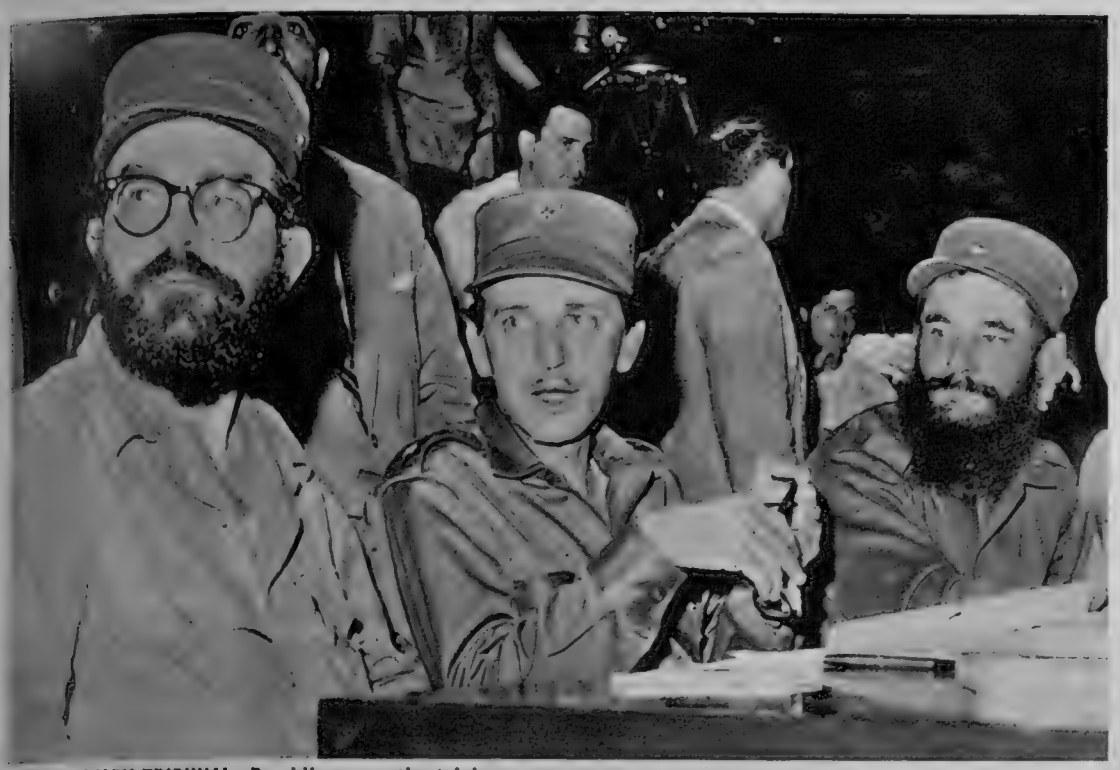
Vanguard's Maiden Flight; The New Comet; Weapon Tests at Sea

GUIDED MISSILE TRIALS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: On the fully-angled flight-deck of H.M.S. *Victorious*, one of the best-equipped aircraft-carriers in the world, a Sea Venom is fitted with the de Havilland guided missile "Firestreak." When the aircraft-carrier returned to Portsmouth, Captain C. P. Coke, the commanding officer, described the performance of the missile as astounding. He said that a number of Sea Venom aircraft were specially fitted to fire the weapon against drone aircraft launched from Malta. "It is clearly the weapon of the future for Royal Navy fighters to use against bombers," he said. "It has greater range and explosive power than any existing weapon."

LONGER COMETS GO INTO PRODUCTION: The first of the de Havilland Comet 4B's, which are to introduce jet travel on the Continental and Near East routes of British European Airways, is seen on the assembly line prior to the joining of the wing and fuselage sections. This medium-range version of the famous Comet 4 is designed to carry 84—100 passengers over stages of 300 to 2,000 miles. To permit higher cruising speed at lower altitudes, the fuselage has been lengthened by 6 ft. 6 ins. and the wing span reduced by 7 ft. Another noticeable external difference is the absence of nacelle fuel tanks. The new airliner, powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon engines, is designed to cruise at a speed of 532 m.p.h. At the present time, six of the new Comets have been ordered from de Havilland by British European Airways. They are expected to be delivered early next year.

PUBLIC TRIALS IN HAVANA

Jeering Crowds in the Sports Coliseum



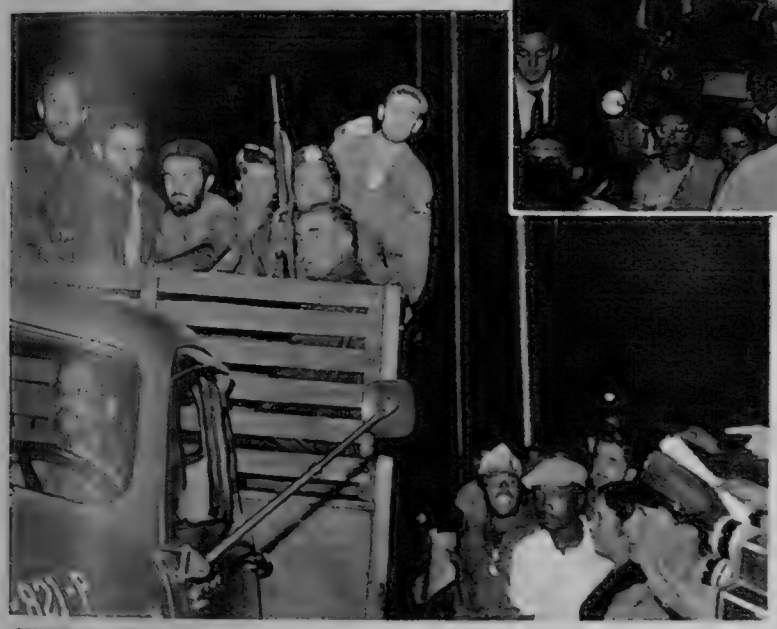
THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL: Presiding over the trials in the sports coliseum in Havana are, from left, Major R. Chibas, treasurer of the July 26 movement; Major Sori Marin (the prosecutor), Minister of Agriculture; and Major U. Sanchez.

On right—

THE FIRST WITNESS: Maria Jacinta Galvez points dramatically to ex-army officer Blanco at the beginning of the trial. The tribunal sat for 12½ hours before bringing in a verdict.

ON TRIAL: Ex-Major Jesus Sosa Blanco smiles and raises his handcuffed hands during his trial in Havana. He was alleged to have killed 108 people and was sentenced to death.

Over 17,000 people crowded into the sports coliseum in Havana to watch the first public trial there. Many stayed throughout the night while the tribunal reached its verdict. Television cameras and wireless stations also continued to broadcast. Later, after a riot in which revolutionary guards fired over the heads of a jeering and booing crowd, the trials of two more alleged "war criminals" were delayed. Dr. Castro ordered television and radio stations to stop broadcasting the tribunal's proceedings.



SENTENCED TO DEATH: Ex-Major Blanco (seated on the right of the truck, bareheaded) is escorted away from the sports arena after having been condemned to be shot. Over 17,000 people attended the trial, which was also televised.

INTO THE ARENA: Ex-Lieut.-Colonel Ricardo Grau (left) and ex-Captain Pedro Morejon are taken to the sports coliseum. Their trial was delayed after guards were forced to fire over a crowd jeering at supporters of ex-President Batista.

DEFENDING THE "WAR CRIMES" TRIALS: Dr. Fidel Castro is surrounded by a sea of raised arms as he speaks outside the Presidential Palace in Havana. In his speech he said that the Cuban Government would demand the return of Cuban "war criminals" from the United States.

AN EXHIBITION IN A SPECIAL SETTING: The tent-like room is one of three installed for the current exhibition of 900 years of Norwegian textiles, sculpture and silver at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. In this picture are some of the Renaissance and Baroque exhibits. The tapestry hanging on the extreme left depicts the destruction of Sodom.

THE ART OF NORWAY

An Exhibition in London of Treasures Ranging Over 900 Years of Norwegian Culture

A FINE EXAMPLE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARVING: The cupboard with carved and painted decoration based on the acanthus leaf is by Ole Olsen Teigeroen, of Skjak, Gudbrandsdal. Signature is dated 1783. The two exhibits to the left are cushion covers of the period.

A RELIQUARY IN THE FORM OF A MEDIEVAL WOODEN CHURCH: Carved in copper-gilt on w about 1250, it is in the possession of Heidal Church, Valdres. The upper panel s the adoration of the Magi. The lower depicts the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Be

SCANDINAVIA'S OLDEST-KNOWN ROYAL PORTRAIT: The marble head is of King Eystein (1087-1123). Sculpted in the early twelfth century, it is from the monastery of Munkeliv, at Bergen, founded by the monarch.

SURVIVING FRAGMENTS FROM A TWELFTH-CENTURY REPRESENTATION OF THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR: April and May are shown in allegorical form in the so-called Baldishol Tapestry. This was originally part of a long frieze-like strip with figures representing all the months of the year. It is thought to have been woven about 1180 for Baldishol Church, Hedmark.

SETTING FOR AN ALTAR: Behind the thirteenth-century crucifix in painted oak is a sixteenth-century coverlet in double cloth which is stylised with cocks and lions. On the painted altar front are scenes from the legend of St. Olaf. Surrounding the figure of the saint are various incidents in his life.

AN EMBOSSED TANKARD: Chased and engraved with floral ornamentation, it is the work of Berendt Platt, 1651-89.

The Norwegian Art Treasures Exhibition, which was seen in Edinburgh last autumn, has now come to London to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it will remain until March 15. The purpose of the organisers is to show textiles, sculpture and silver through a period of 900 years. The visitor finds that their attraction has been enhanced by the tent-like setting of the rooms which has been specially designed by the Norwegian architect Mr. Guthorm Kavli and which gives an architectural and artistic entity to the exhibition. The works have been grouped in three periods: (1) the Medieval period, including the Viking and early Christian phases; (2) the Renaissance and Baroque styles centred on the large towns; and (3) the art of the country districts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In each period there are frequent reminders of the close cultural relations between Norway and Britain.

Among the medieval objects, Pagan and Christian motifs are often blended. A notable exhibit in this room is the surviving fragment of the famous Baldishol Tapestry, woven at the end of the twelfth century and originally a long strip of figures symbolising the months of the year. The fragment which represents April and May was found below the floor of a church in 1875. Silver predominates in the Renaissance and Baroque periods and there are a number of fine embossed and engraved tankards and bowls. Textiles, particularly tapestries and cushion covers, are the main theme in the rural art. The Gudbrandsal Valley lying to the north of Oslo appears to have been a great centre for these productions.

A CARVED CHAIR: Human teeth are hammered into the rim of the seat. In the style of the ninth century it is probably a later copy.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY NORWEGIAN ORNAMENTAL ART: The birch chair on the left is of Romanesque type and is constructed entirely of turned members. The chair on the right has carvings of men and animals. Both exhibits date from the thirteenth century. The tall column, centre left, is a plaster copy of an eleventh-century Memorial Stone with a runic inscription from Grad, Hadeland.

COVENTRY'S TAPESTRY

The First Part of Graham Sutherland's Design is Completed in a Small Town in France

On right—

JUST OFF THE LOOM: In the attic of his tapestry factory at Felletin, in France, M. Jean Pinton (right foreground) and two assistants examine the first section of Graham Sutherland's enormous tapestry which is to be hung 50 ft. behind the high altar in the new Coventry Cathedral. In the background another assistant indicates the relative section of the artist's painting. When completed, at the end of 1961, the work will be the largest of its kind in the world, covering an area of 2,880 sq. ft. Its cost is in the region of £20,000. The tapestry represents Christ sitting in majesty surrounded by a symbolic interpretation of the four evangelists. Twelve workers are engaged in the task of weaving the intricate pattern eight hours a day, six days a week. To enable workers at both ends of the room to see the painting without moving, the canvas has been fitted on a special frame, enabling it to be slid from one end of the loom to another. Because of its weight, which is about three-quarters of a ton, the tapestry will be too heavy to be hung in the ordinary way. Cords are fixed horizontally every 3 ft. at the back to hold it up. Work on the new Cathedral at Coventry, in which the tapestry will hang, is now in an advanced stage. The building will be finally finished in 1962. Normally, the seating will accommodate 1,350 people but on special occasions the congregation could be increased to 2,000.

IN THE TOWN SQUARE: Local inhabitants admire the first section of the Coventry tapestry, hanging outside an hotel at Felletin. The 54-sq.-ft. section is in itself a large tapestry by usual standards. It represents about one-fiftieth of the total surface and shows an eagle symbolising St. John.

On right—

IN THE FACTORY: The face of eighty-two-year-old Madame Jeanne Boyer, one of the oldest tapestry workers in France, is framed in the wheel which is used to wind the wool after it has been washed and dyed. This process is carried out in the River Creuse. Its waters are said to be so pure that nowhere else can wool be dyed with such perfection.

Below—

EXPERTS AT WORK: Marguerite Habrial (left) and Yvonne Quantin work on the final stages of the first section of the tapestry. It took the two women more than 700 hours to complete.

PLENTY OF COAL IN THE YARD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THERE is a certain cosmic oddity, in the middle of the twentieth century, about men marching through London demanding the right to be allowed to go down thousands of feet into the earth to labour at about the most physically arduous and dangerous job that still exists in the modern industrial economy. Nevertheless, the coal-miner is still taken as much for granted in Britain as cheap coal once was; and there are other people besides the National Union of Mineworkers who have found it difficult to adjust to a surplus of coal, to collieries being closed, and to miners being thrown out of work. The South Wales miners demonstrating in London this month were ghosts of the '30's. Posing with their banners and dutifully singing the "Red Flag" for the television cameras, they seemed half-embarrassed, their gesture contrived. Yet the very dated unreality of the scene did leave some lingering doubts about this industry in this era. For the miners, will it turn out to be the prosperity of the post-war decade that has been unreal?

That prosperity has been pretty one-sided since nationalisation, the miners have regained and retained the position of Britain's highest-paid industrial workers—though the end of Saturday working last year did cut their average earnings somewhat. Over the same period the price that British customers pay for their coal has rather more than doubled. And even so, these prices have not gone up as fast as have total costs in coal-mining—so that the National Coal Board's profits, over eleven years, have fallen about £50,000,000 short of covering the interest it has had to meet on compensation to former coal-owners and on the new investment put into the mines since nationalisation.

It is easy to mistake the coal industry's most publicised troubles for its real ones. In an industry with a yearly turnover of about £1,000,000,000 its accumulated financial deficit is humiliating but not particularly serious. Over the decade, it implies that the Coal Board's budgeting has been on the average a little under 1 per cent. out. If the industry had been privately owned and run with precisely the same financial results, it would not be showing a deficit at all, because in the years of adverse results it could have passed its ordinary dividends. Nationalised industries' capital consists entirely of fixed-interest stock, with all the interest payable in bad years as well as good. This is entirely fair to the former owners whose properties were confiscated, and quite reasonable for the new capital which these industries draw from the Government at gilt-edged rates—but it is still an extremely odd way to run any big business enterprise. In the same way, the extra money that the Coal Board has had to borrow this year to finance its stocks of unsold coal is not financially remarkable: the coal industry does not happen to use bank overdraft facilities, which could readily have been arranged for the requisite amount in any other business of comparable size.

Financial measures, therefore, are largely incidental to the plight in which the industry now finds itself, though they make impressive headlines. The industry's real problem of 1958-59 is to assess the complete transformation in demand for coal over the last two years, which has wrecked all its short-term plans, and to decide how radically this ought to alter its long-term plans, too.

In those two years, much more quickly than it realised at the time, the industry passed from a situation of "chasing every last ton" and importing nearly as much coal as it exported in order to keep pace with insatiably rising demand, to a levelling-off in demand for fuel as a whole, within which the market for coal in particular began to shrink rapidly. It needs no oracle to opine that this shrinkage was due to the end of the boom in industrial production, to a widespread switch to oil, and to improved fuel efficiency, partly under the influence of the "clean air" Act.

The Coal Board, however, has to decide just how much to put down to each of these factors; and moreover, to guess how much any or all of them will continue to depress demand for coal in Britain over, at the least, the next six years. For it is committed to increase coal production to 230,000,000 tons a year from the mines and 10,000,000 from open-cast sites by 1965, some 40,000,000 tons more than it expects to sell this year. It is engaged on a long-term programme of colliery reconstruction and new sinkings for this purpose, estimated to cost £1,350,000,000; it has already spent about £600,000,000 of this and is currently investing at the rate of about £100,000,000 a year.

The stage is clearly set for an agonising reappraisal. But just how one starts it is not too clear.

The fashion in fuel forecasting, a few years ago, was to make an assumption about how fast economic activity in Britain as a whole could grow; to apply to this some factor derived from experience suggesting how total fuel consumption might be expected to rise in accordance with this; then to reckon how much coal could be produced, and fill in the gap with one's estimates of oil and atomic power. But this sort of guessing always tacitly assumed that all the coal produced could be sold.

The Coal Board can now have no such confidence. In any case, though it has been directed by the Government to review its long-term plans, it has not been offered any fresh official revision of the economic expansion that is to be expected after the industrial "stagnation" of the last three-and-a-half years. It would be too much to ask of any politician, this close to an election, that he should provide ammunition for the Opposition by announcing that the Government is now revising downwards its hopes about expansion. But businessmen, nationalised and private, have to make firm plans for spending their own and other people's money several years in advance. Mr. Butler's hope of doubling Britain's standard of living in a generation can hardly remain as untarnished to them as it may to his colleagues.

Reviewing coal investment, therefore, implies taking a view about Britain's future economic growth, reckoning how much fuel of all kinds that will need, and then, most difficult of all, guessing how much of that fuel the public will be prepared to buy as coal. This is not an unheard-of exercise in private business, though even there, for so big an industry losing so much of a monopoly it is not too common. Britain's nationalised industries have never until now encountered such marketing problems.

The National Coal Board, indeed, has been so hard put to it to produce enough coal that it has had practically no time to bother about marketing it at all. And some part of its loss of sales must be put down not to the greater technical efficiency of using other fuels, but simply to this: a consumers' revolt against the irregularities of delivery, of quality, and of size in the rationed solid fuels that they had to buy in the post-war decade.

This year's closing of thirty-six pits, most of which would have been closed anyway within the next five years, has been felt most bitterly in the industry—by the 12,000 men who are losing their jobs, by the trade unions who fear a return to the inter-war conditions of surplus coal and surplus miners, and by top managers like Sir James Bowman, who know how dependent this industry is upon labour relations. For most of the post-war years, with the economic imperatives in this industry simply a matter of production at any costs, miners and management have tended to look exclusively inward towards their own physical and technical problems of reconstruction and reorganisation. These problems are indeed large, though the pricing policy adopted under Government influence tended to magnify them, by inflating demand for certain types of coal, and thus constantly worsening the problem the industry was trying to solve.

Longer than any other British industry coal retained a seller's market, and hence forgot how to sell. The collapse of that artificially-exaggerated scarcity produced confusion, accumulation of unsold stocks of coal, and finally, rational and cold-blooded measures to cut back production. There has not been much sign yet that it has instilled any corresponding realism or energy into the Board's marketing side. Yet the size of the future that lies before British coal, even if its investment can now be diverted to stabilising costs and prices rather than maximising output, must depend largely upon the extent to which this traditional fuel can be made acceptable and can be sold to consumers who are demanding entirely new standards of cleanliness and heating efficiency.

THE QUESTION OF COLLIERIES—CONTRASTING SITUATIONS IN SOUTH WALES AND SCOTLAND: *Left*—The view is of the Steer Colliery, in South Wales, which is one of seven uneconomic collieries which are due to be closed next month. During this year, a total of thirty-six collieries are being closed in Britain. *Right*—Scaffolding is erected round parts of the new Seafield Colliery, in Fifeshire, which, as stated on the National Coal Board's notice on the right, is being sunk to produce 5,500 tons of coal per day.

REDEVELOPMENT IN THE CENTRE OF BRADFORD: The aerial view of the Yorkshire city shows the central area which is being redeveloped by the Hammerson Property and Investment Trust Ltd., in co-operation with the City Corporation. In the centre is the first new building to be constructed under the scheme. It is the C. and A. Modes department store which is to be opened in March. The scheme covers about 10 acres.

DEVELOPMENT AT BRADFORD

In London last week, the Lord Mayor of Bradford, Alderman N. W. Durrant, attended a conference to mark the official launching of a £5,000,000 scheme to redevelop the centre of this Yorkshire city. Presiding at the conference was Mr. Sydney Mason, Chairman of the Hammerson Property and Investment Trust, who are undertaking the development programme within an estimated period of five years. This is one of the biggest city-centre redevelopment schemes to be undertaken privately in Britain since the war. Acres of old buildings are being swept away to be replaced, in stages, by about 1,000,000 sq. ft. of new shop and office accommodation. The first big shop on the site is already under construction, and will be occupied by C. and A. Modes in two months' time. Among the other firms to have premises in the area will be Boots, the chemists, and W. H. Smith and Son Ltd. As well as providing new buildings the scheme includes changes in the roads which converge on the area and the enlarging of Forster Square to show the Cathedral in a new setting. In addition, an important feature will be the car park for 200 vehicles. This will be situated on the roof of the first floor of the main building and will be served by ramps which will be heated in the winter to prevent freezing. In the preparation for the redevelopment, the Corporation has, over a number of years, acquired extensive plots in the area. They have also spent £125,000 on the necessary diversion of underground waterways in the area. The architects for the scheme are Clyde Young and Bernard Engle, of London; the Sole Agents acting in connection with the leasing of the properties are Messrs. Donaldson and Sons, also of London, and the main contractors are J. Gerrard and Sons Ltd. of Manchester. The Hammerson group of companies are developing the area on the basis of long-term building leases from the Corporation at substantial ground rents.

On right—

A NEW KIND OF GLASS

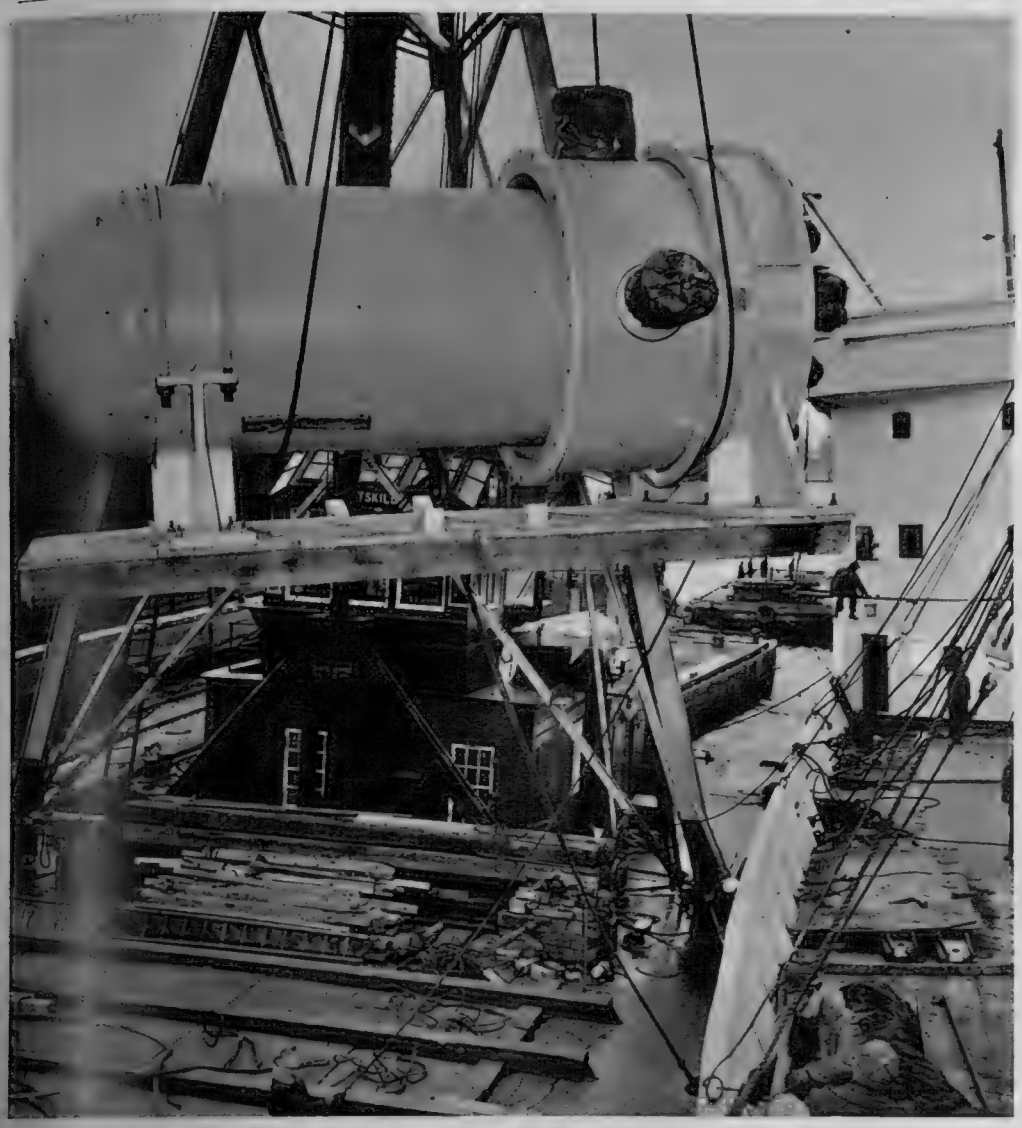
Mr. Alastair Pilkington (left), technical director of Pilkington Brothers Ltd., St. Helens, Lancashire, examines a car windscreen with Sir Harry Pilkington (centre) and Dr. Lawrence Pilkington. The firm is producing a new kind of glass by a "float" process. The glass is already being used in the motor industry. The process combines the high surface finish of sheet with the flatness and lack of distortion of plate glass. This entails drawing a continuous strip of liquid glass, about 100 ins. wide, through the float bath. It runs over a tank of molten metal and is at the same time subjected to heat from above. After the glass has passed through a cooling zone it emerges hard and cold enough for it to be passed over rollers without losing its "fire polished" finish.

THE BRADFORD OF THE FUTURE: The model of part of the area being redeveloped, shows, in the centre, the ramp from street-level to the elevated car park. From the car park, shoppers will have direct access to stores in the elevated courtyard. The model also shows how the existing Ritz Cinema (in the bottom left-hand corner) will be incorporated in the scheme.

On left—

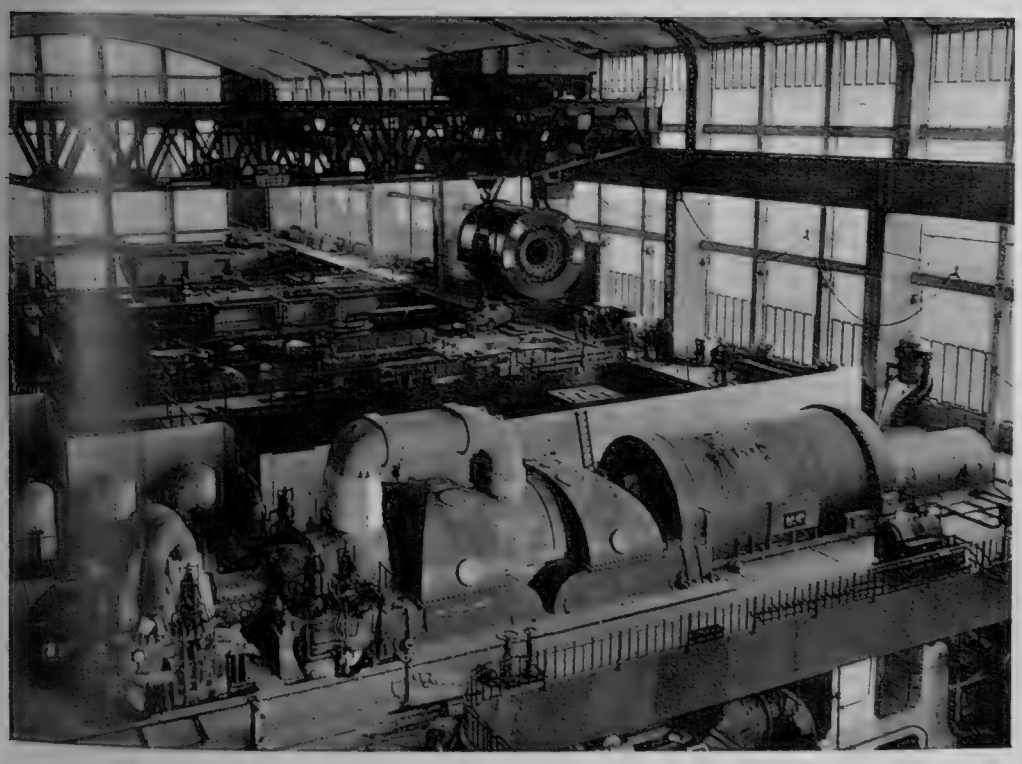
TECHNICAL TRAINING FOR BRITAIN'S YOUTH

Apprentices use some of the machines on which they are trained at one of the first Apprentices' Training Schools in Southern England, at Brighton, in Sussex. The school was recently opened by Mr. Richard Wood, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, at the Number 5 factory of Allen West and Co., switchgear manufacturers. Every September, the school is due to take thirty-five apprentices from all parts of the country. When they are qualified, they will be free to go anywhere they like in industry. It is hoped that the new school at Brighton will stimulate other companies to set up similar establishments throughout Britain.



NUCLEAR REACTOR FOR A BELGIAN POWER STATION

After being transported by road to New York from Barberton, in Ohio, a 63-ton steel pressure vessel for the reactor of Belgium's first nuclear power station is lifted on board the Belgian Line's vessel *Lufira*. The power station is now under construction at Mol, for the Syndicat d'Etudes de l'Energie Nucléare, the main contractors being the Westinghouse Company. It is expected to come into operation next year with a nett electrical output of 11,500 kW. The pressure vessel, which was manufactured by the Babcock and Wilcox Company, of America, is 19 ft. 9 ins. long and 5 ft. 6 ins. in diameter. The reactor to be housed in it is of the pressurised water type. The manufacturers have been responsible for a number of nuclear developments in the U.S., including the provision of the nuclear power plant for *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic submarine, and for *Savannah*, which will be the first merchant ship with nuclear propulsion. The British company of Babcock and Wilcox Limited designed and constructed the steam-generating plant for the world's first full-scale atomic power stations at Calder Hall and Chapel Cross.



THE NERVE-CENTRE OF A POWER STATION

The picture gives some impression of the interior lay-out of Blyth "A" power station of the North-East Division of the Central Electricity Generating Board. The station is designed to house four 120-MW. turbine generators built by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. at Trafford Park, Manchester. They are the most powerful units yet to be installed in this country. The first of the generators, commissioned at the end of last month, is seen in position in the foreground of the picture. The stator of the second generator can be seen suspended by crane ready for lowering into position alongside the number two steam turbine. Because of bridge reconstruction on the Great North Road, it was not possible to transport the stators in the usual way. After being taken to Birkenhead by road, they were put on a coastal vessel and taken round the north of Scotland to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. From there, the journey to Blyth was completed by road.

BRIDGE RECONSTRUCTION

One of the main features of the pre-electrification work on the Liverpool Street–Enfield Town line of the Eastern Region is the extensive reconstruction of a number of bridges. Fifteen of the underline type along the ten-mile stretch of line are being altered in readiness for the electric services which are scheduled to come into operation some time next year. The picture *above* and the two *below* show stages in the reconstruction of the bridge which carries the Enfield Town line over Seven Sisters Road, just south of Seven Sisters Station in north London. The original bridge, of wrought iron, was built over eighty years ago. Preparatory work for the new structure involved the erection of double rows of steel trestling and the insertion of longitudinal steel way-beams to take the weight of the existing bridge; the strengthening of abutments and the preparation of the bearings. The new bridge is in two sections and is of steel-box-type construction, consisting of double webs, top and bottom flanges and internal diaphragms. Interior passageways running the full length of each section provide easy access for inspection and maintenance. The sections are 87 ft. long and 11 ft. wide.

THE START OF AN INTRICATE OPERATION: A supervisor, standing on a suspended span, directs the operations as the section is lowered by two 45-ton steam cranes. The actual reconstruction of the bridge at Seven Sisters Road was completed in two week-ends.

THE NEW BRIDGE TAKES SHAPE: The 82-ton up-line span is lowered into position. In the foreground is one of the lifting brackets fitted to the sections before their conveyance to the site. When the sections were placed in position the brackets were removed.

The World of Books

A MANY-FACETED VIEW

Biographies of Havelock Ellis; an Astringent Life of George Washington; an Eighteenth-century Satirist; on the Middle East; Recent Fiction

IN a week's time it will be the centenary of the birth of Havelock Ellis and, to mark the occasion, not one but two biographies of this extraordinary and gifted figure have been published. First, there is Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall's HAVELOCK ELLIS (Hart-Davis. 30s.), a study of the man, his work and the women who had such an influence, whether for harmony or unhappiness, on his life. Havelock Ellis is most generally remembered now as a pioneer in matters of human sex relationships. A briefer but more awkward term is "sexologist." He was a teacher, a prophet, a healer and a mystic. And he was, by and large, not much better at arranging a peaceful life for himself than anyone else.

Among the women who devoted themselves to him was that fine South African novelist, Olive Schreiner, with whom he had a brief and not altogether satisfactory liaison, for one of the less "beautiful anomalies," as Ellis called them, was that he, for many years of his life, was a desperately shy man. Margaret Sanger, famous advocate of birth control, was a close and beloved friend, and for some years he was married to a woman with whom he enjoyed mutual love but physical inadequacy. It seems that it was not until his last love that Havelock Ellis found the joy and the calm that he had wanted for his fellow-beings. Mr. Calder-Marshall's style is, as always, admirable and the restraint with which he has treated his brilliant, unconventionable subject admirable.

AN ARTIST OF LIFE (Cassell. 25s.) is Mr. John Stewart Collis's volume on the life and work of Havelock Ellis, to be published shortly. This writer has especial qualifications since he has for many years been a student of Havelock Ellis books and it was his understanding reviews of them in the 1930's which brought a request from Ellis that he should write the introduction to the 1936 edition of his *Selected Essays*. Naturally, the approaches of Mr. Calder-Marshall and Mr. Collis are different; in many ways sharply contrasted. The reader, however, is the gainer from this divergence since not only does he achieve a many-faceted view of Havelock Ellis but an enlightening one on both biographers' methods. I must add that although I preferred Mr. Calder-Marshall's book I found it a rewarding experience to read both books consecutively.

Washington, the Father of his Country, as he is often known by our transatlantic friends, is the hero and victim of legend, and a biographer currently dealing with his almost hallowed history must be perceptive indeed if he is to get at the truth of the man's character. Mr. Marcus Cunliffe has had the best shot at it that I can remember reading, in GEORGE WASHINGTON—MAN AND MONUMENT (Collins. 18s.) and, oddly enough, Mr. Cunliffe is an Englishman. Throughout this book, which is as lively and entertaining as anyone could make eighteenth-century history in North America (and that is quite a high mark to set), Mr. Cunliffe sustains one's interest in a man who may, quite possibly, have been an ineffable prig or an almost impossibly good man. For instance, the first section, which I could have wished longer, so original is it, deals with those fables, often diligently fostered, about Washington at school, Washington with that cherry tree, and Washington in some of the moral attitudes which, in the twentieth century, sound, at the least, unctuous.

That assessment of the young George Washington, though, may have been due to the most applied hagiographers. The traces of their honey-sweet writing certainly remain, and Mr. Cunliffe's astringent, sensible book serves an excellent purpose in distinguishing, not so much between dross and gold as between sugar and saccharine. So much for Washington's biographers: now for Mr. Cunliffe's own summing-up:

> Here was a man who did what he was asked to do . . . who in his own person *proved* the soundness of America. A good man, not a saint; a competent soldier, not a great one; an honest administrator, not a statesman of genius; a prudent conserver, not a brilliant reformer. But in sum an exceptional figure. ..

DOCTOR WITH TWO AUNTS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is yet another biography, this time of Peter Pindar, the eighteenth-century satirist whose reputation survives not so much in his own verses as in the comments of his contemporaries. A young West Countryman with a happy childhood behind him and a career in the family tradition of medicine, Dr. John Wolcot was always an unorthodox character and tried his hand and talents at such occupations as musician, Jamaican clergyman (briefly), artist and art critic, in which latter role he discovered Opie and brought him to London. But it was in his adopted *nom de plume* of Pindar that his fame spread and the perpetual controversy about him grew.

Lamb, for instance, called him "old, obscene, beastly Peter Pindar," but Burns hailed him as "a delightful fellow and a first favourite of mine." Hazlitt thought him "merry and wise," whereas his fellow-countryman Scott more austerely, and typically, observed that Pindar was "the most unsparing calumniator of his time." Mr. Tom Girtin, who is himself a descendant of one of Dr. John Wolcot's giddier acquaintances, has made an amusing book of this half-forgotten man of contention and, partly through lavish quotations, has recaptured the mood of savage, literary cut-and-thrust which existed before and during the Regency.

AN ART COLLECTION RELATING TO EARLY AUSTRALASIAN HISTORY: Mr. Rex Nan Kivell (left), a New Zealander resident in London, hands a portrait of Vice-Admiral Hurter, second Governor of New South Wales, to Sir Alister McMullin, President of the Australian Senate, at a ceremony in Australia House, London. On left is a portrait of a Princess of the South Sea Islands, by John Webber, official artist to Captain Cook's first voyage. Mr. Nan Kivell's collection of art works and literature concerning the early history of Australasia is being sent to the Commonwealth National Library in Canberra.

REVOLUTION IN IRAQ (Gollancz. 16s.) is described as an essay in comparative public opinion and has been written by Caractacus, a name used here by an historian who has lived for many years in Iraq and the Middle East, and who has studied Islamic questions. It is a book written, then, with knowledge but it is quickly evident to the reader that it is also written with considerable feeling. What the writer has done is to divide his book into three parts: the first dealing with the old regime as it was up to the summer of 1958 and the revolution—the view, that is, of ordinary, educated Iraqis: the second part is devoted to the British reaction to the old regime and their opposition to it, and the third part to a discussion of the revolution as part of a popular movement and not a *coup d'état*, although in it the army and the public ne sarily played different parts. His book is forceful, di and thought-provoking.

Among the novels this week is one from Canada ab a young man, his wife, his son and the hard but idy life they lead in the remote forests until the man is ki and the mother has to learn to fend for herself and child. In THE SNOW BIRCH (Michael Joseph. 1 Mr. John Mantley writes with a poetic force about trees and lakes, the animals and the birds of this far-a corner of the world and to the human problems he bri a real subtlety of judgment.

There are two big novels this week, and when I s big, I mean literally in size and weight. Mr. Jero Weidman has written THE ENEMY CAMP (Heineman 18s.) in one long flashback held between the brackets o morning and night of the present time, about a middle-ag good-looking and prosperous accountant in New Yo Jewish and happily married to a wife who is not Jewi To this man, as he prepares to take his two little bo to summer camp and commute to his office, come telephone call that could be the harbinger of doo and as a result of it he falls to thinking about his life retrospect, from the hard, East Side childhood with ingrained fear and contempt for Gentiles or *shkuts* and his slow, precarious journey from there to hap ness and a small degree of security. Mr. Weidman writing is perfectly readable, though I feel that would have been twice as much so at half the leng As for the characters, the lovely wife is unconvinc and so is the near-Galahad figure of the hero, b some of the minor characters—an old aunt, h brother, lost in a golden dream of America after t years in the Austrian Army; an ugly, small-ti accountant, full of wise saws and altogether delightf and a ruthless Success Figure—these are splendid done in Mr. Weidman's best, least plaintive manne

WINE OF LIFE (Collins. 18s.) is Mr. Charl Gorham's novel about Balzac, his life and loves. spite of some lines of perfectly unnecessary vulgari this long novel does succeed in conveying some of t tremendous vitality of this larger-than-life-size geni the writer whose monstrous ego was mocked by h bitter mother but fully justified by his work. His st is, in many ways, a tragedy. His childhood was sti tically miserable, his first years as a writer spent, n necessarily, in abject poverty since his mother d approved of his choice of career. When success ca to him he spent money like water and was perpetua in debt. He worked fanatically hard but ne achieved the eminence of his contemporaries, Hu and Dumas, though his personal popularity w great. His work proclaims him, in Somerset Maugha words, ". . . the greatest novelist the world has produced."

VARIETIES OF LOVE (Gollancz. 16s.) is a collecti of fifteen short stories by Mr. Herbert Kubly written ov a period of ten years and with no planned continuity o relationship. But, as the author explains, when he came t read them together he found that they did have a comm theme and that it was the terrible loneliness of huma beings and their pathetic efforts to find love. The peop in his stories do, as he says, suffer from the insecuriti the fears and the guilts which have become the conditio of human life. The stories themselves are difficu

WHERE EVERYBODY BELONG

Taya Zinkin's Indian Assessment

There is a quality in Taya Zinkin's INDIA CHANGES (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) which is quite irresistible and, despite the comparative brevity of her book, here is a wide-sweeping portrayal of the great subcontinent to-day, a presentation full of hard facts and modern instances. Mrs. Zinkin has an exceptional knowledge of India and Indians, and having lived in India since 1945 she is able to report with accuracy, dealing with such subjects as marriage and the family, the position of women, the breakdown of caste in town and village, the status of untouchables and minorities, and much else besides. What stands out in her writing is her warmth of feeling. She obviously enjoys Indian life, and when she says "In India everybody belongs, in many ways and many directions, to many groups" she writes from the heart and from certainty. India is perhaps the most reassuring place for a child to grow up in; a child's life begins with the certainty of being wanted. Indian children don't cry, says the author, "they are among the world's happiest children, for they are truly loved by everyone." Taya Zinkin knows this land and all its warmth, the changing social structure and the unchanging qualities of India. She writes brilliantly and India has seldom been presented in more lively or fair-minded fashion.

Not since the days of E. V. Lucas has anyone given an overall picture of Paris quite as good as that of Eric Whelpton. There is no disrespect to Mr. Whelpton in saying that he has the Lucas touch; he has a sense of history and a sense of the great city's continuity. Particularly enjoyable is the chapter on the Rue Berton, in the village of Passy, which was first developed as a summer resort, becoming popular because of its proximity to Paris and the freshness of the cool breeze that blows across the top of the low ridge on which it is situated.

Immense blocks of flats now harrass the Passy sce but the Balzac tradition persists, and we can picture residence there of the man who wrote *Cousine Bette* *Cousin Pons*, and many of the characters he created in own brilliantly fertile imagination. PARIS CAVALCAD (Robert Hale. 21s.) is a delight, and it is easy enough see that wherever Eric Whelpton goes in this wor regarding which he writes so fluently and well, Franc the place of his birth, will always be his first love.

Belton Cobb has produced a really horrific tale crime in his book CRIMINALS CONFESS (Faber a Faber. 16s.), which is in large measure based on t personal utterances of some of the more heinous crimin of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The perso story told by John Holloway, libertine and murderer, the most sordid of the lot, but it is something more th that. It reveals the deep inner urges that drove Hollow to murder, as if to prove his manhood and hardihoo Probably no thief has ever written so frankly about t details of his craft as James Hardy Vaux, pickpocket a thief of Regency days. Vaux began young, at seventee years old robbing his employer, a clothier, repeate and successfully and finally quitting his employ wit fine wardrobe and the product of a number of t presented for payment to leading customers of the f With cash and clothes Vaux went rejoicing on his w ending up with transportation for life to Botany B

MANAGING A GROUSE-MOOR

The Twelfth of August, a date less famous than it was, is the day on which the manager of a moor may hope to see the first early proofs of the success of a full year's concentrated work. So January is as good a time to publish a new book on moor management as any. In GROUSE-SHOOTING AND MANAGEMENT (Faber. 30s.) Mr. Richard Waddington packs a great deal of the fruits of his practical experience of managing a big moor and supplies quite invaluable advice to the novice on how to kill cleanly this most elusive bird and how to become not only a safe shot, but one welcome to his host.

He admits that the great days are over and does not altogether account for the decline in stocks by charging it up to bad moor management. Draining, burning and vermin killing have been, for example, pressed on continuously on the famous moor of Cawdor. But the days which gave me my unforgettable experience—when Percy Chubb and his cracks were assured of 1000-brace days for several weeks—have never returned. None of the theories—from sheep tick and strongyle to bad neighbours and migration—account for the total and continuous decline.

Mr. Waddington makes the interesting point that past efforts to stock the moors with ten times the population they can safely carry is a chief cause of the long decline. That theory gives hope, but what, then, is the object of good management? It is certainly a rich man's sport to-day. He reckons that, all in, to rent, maintain and shoot a 25,000-acre moor costs £15,000, and to-day I doubt whether all the seventy men and dozens of animals required for the job can be obtained *regardless of cost*. Ponies, for instance. Or flankers. Those vital key-men were trained by experience of decades of constant big driving days, and they have died off and their art has died with them. Even beaters nowadays require week-end transport and accommodation.

Management can do much, but the grouse is not like the pheasant. Hand-rearing experiments are rare and undesirable. The grouse knows best how to profit by sound moor management.

John Gore

(*Continued from previous page*)

to praise too highly, so quiet and unmannered is their style and so electric their impact.

There are three thrillers to recommend to you this week, beginning with one by Miss Ngaio Marsh at the very top of her form. SINGING IN THE SHROUDS (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is as good as anything she has done, and I recommend it thoroughly. The scene is a small ship on its way from the Port of London to South Africa, carrying cargo and nine passengers of whom one is a practised murderer. Grisly tension and that very fine, light humour that is one of Miss Marsh's specialities. THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HOSTESS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is by Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner and is about that redoubtable lawyer-cum-detective, Mr. Perry Mason, who operates in California and has a good deal more ingenuity than wit. There is something new about the present book, I should point out. It begins, instead of ending, with a scene in court.

MIZMAZE (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is a country-house whodunit, by Miss Mary Fitt, about murder and near-murder in a yew hedge maze and a group of wealthy bodies (alive and dead) with scarcely a moral among them. Not this author's best but diverting in a mild way.

Vernon Fane

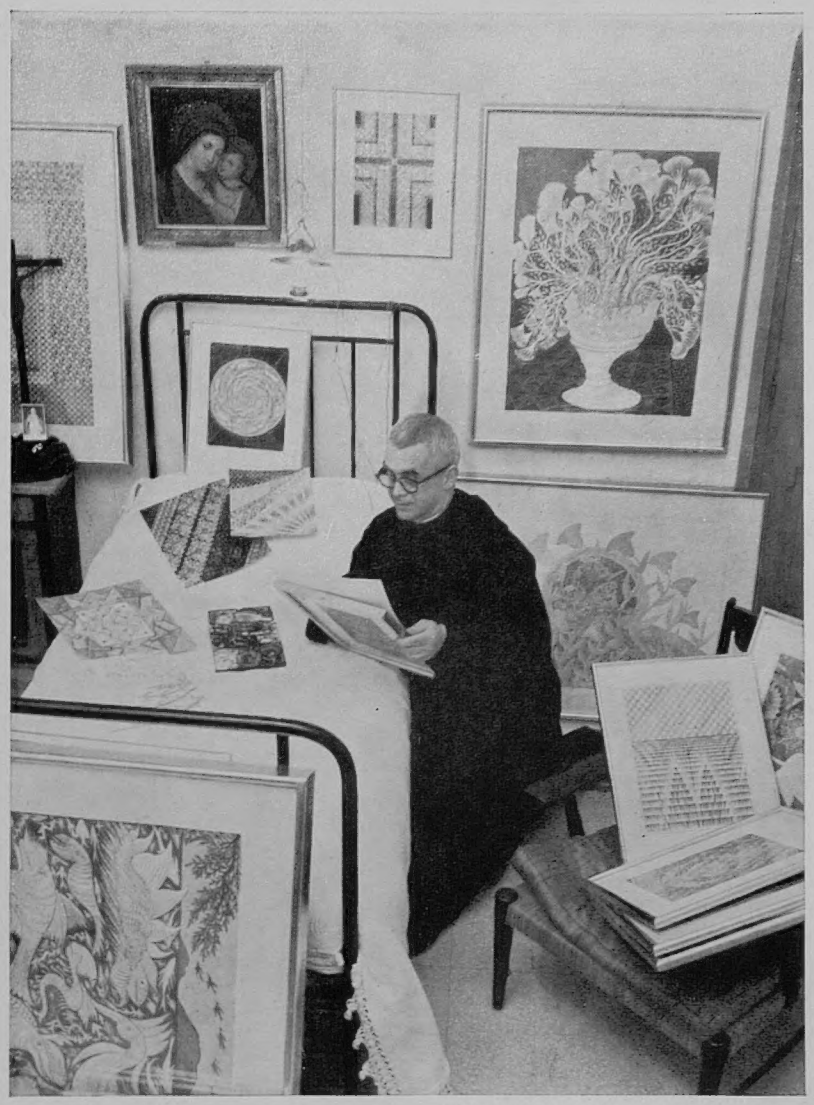
had ample time to write his memoirs. All but one of the confessions in this book were made in the last days of the criminal's life when nothing was to be gained by keeping secrets.

Frobisher and Davis, Hudson and Bylot, Baffin, Franklin and Parry are some of the names evoked by the search for, and conquest of, the North West Passage. These men widened the area of the known world. Bit by bit over the years the map of the Canadian Arctic was filled in, an island here, a strait there. Dr. Leslie H. Matby tells the story of these explorers in their ice-crouded ships, amid ice and fog and storms, and in nearly all respects he measures up magnificently to the heroic theme. IN QUEST OF THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE (Constable. 21s.) is excellent and orthodox in everything save its presentation, and in that regard is quite a typographical diversion.

Edward Terrell's ADMIRALTY BRIEF (Harrap. 21s.) is an account of inventions that contributed to victory in the Battle of the Atlantic. The author is the man who invented plastic armour, and for his work he received £10,000 in 1946, the highest award made to a naval officer in the Second World War. Edward Terrell has written a most racy account of these developments; there is no hint here of the dry-as-dust technical memoir from the backroom boy.

David Harrison's FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND (Ernest Benn. 25s.) is the work of a keen ornithologist and sportsman who has made the most of his many opportunities to study the wild life of the Near and Middle East. In Oman Dr. Harrison was medical officer to the district, and he recounts many fascinating experiences off the beaten track.

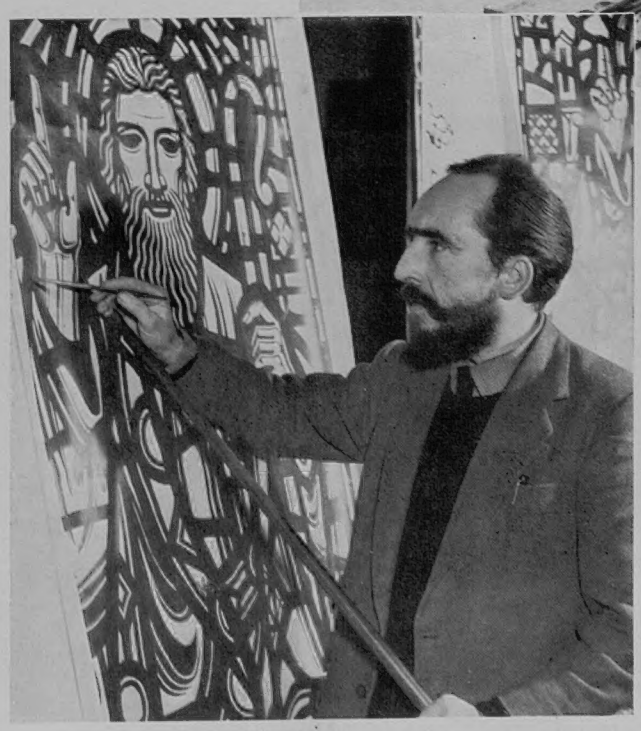
R. C. E.



AN ITALIAN PRIEST-PAINTER: Father Mauro Maria Santolini, a Benedictine monk, sits in his room in Rome surrounded by some of the aquarelles which he has painted. Many of the designs are in abstract style. According to Father Santolini, the themes are inspired by music and should be studied in this context. The symbolism represents the notes and chords of liturgical music translated into colour and design. Some of the paintings are intended to show the developments possible from principal modes or tones, as in the Gregorian Chants, the system of plainsong which is based on eight modes and in which variation lies in the use of dominant and final notes. The artist is himself an expert on church music. He is also well known in the Italian capital as a preacher. In recent years he had held a number of exhibitions of his "paintings from music."

"PAINTINGS FROM MUSIC": Using his bed as a work table, Father Santolini puts the finishing touches to one of his aquarelles inspired by musical themes. The wide variety in his work is seen from the other paintings. Aquarelle is a form of painting with Chinese ink and thin transparent water-colours.

CLERICAL AND CHURCH ART



AN ENGLISH-MADE WINDOW FOR AN AMERICAN CHURCH: Mr. E. Liddall Armitage, the chief designer of James Powell and Sons, of Harrow, Middlesex, works in his firm's studios on the design for a new stained-glass window. The theme is "Meekness," and the window is to be placed in St. Thomas's Episcopal Church on Fifth Avenue, New York. During the past thirty years the Harrow firm of specialists has made a number of windows for the church and more are on order. Mr. Armitage recently went to New York to study the surroundings of St. Thomas's so that he could draw his designs to meet the particular requirements.

On left—

MOSES IN STAINED GLASS: The Prophet is the figure in the full-sized cartoon for another window being designed at James Powell's for the Episcopal Church of St. Thomas in New York. Seen working on it at Harrow is Mr. Colwyn Morris, who is the chief draughtsman. Figures in other windows include Albert Schweitzer and Lincoln.

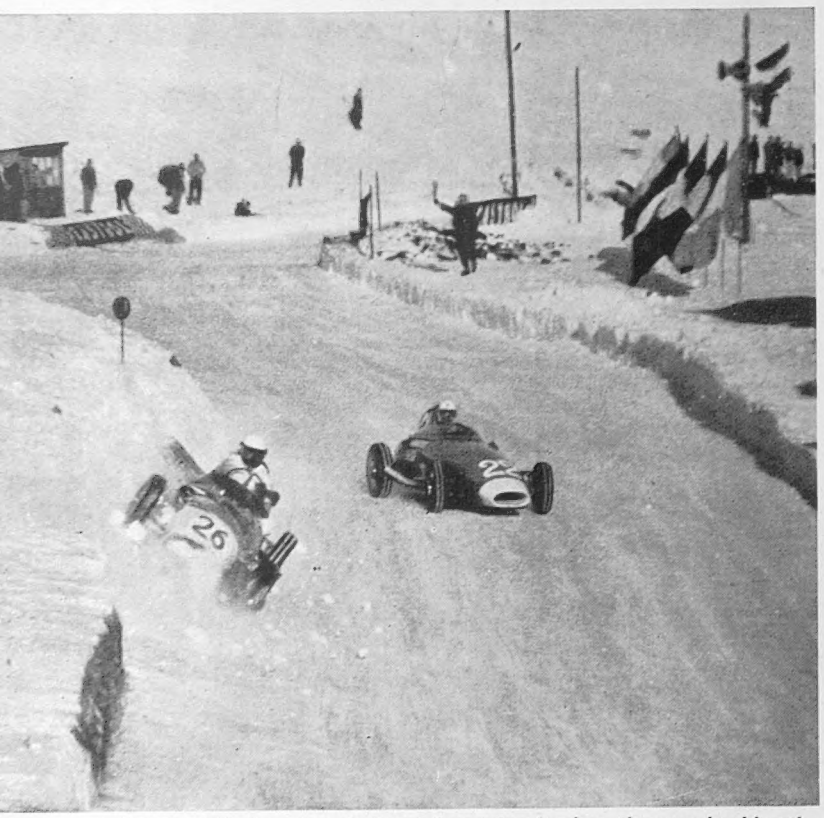
RACING ON SNOW

Competitors in the Cortina Grand Prix Slide Round the Track at the Italian Resort

One of the attractions of the winter sports season at Cortina, in the Italian Alps, is the Grand Prix run on snow for racing cars. It is an Italian National Open Event, but since driving on snow needs a somewhat different technique from conventional motoring, the entry is usually restricted to Italian drivers and experts from France, Germany and Austria. This year there were fourteen competitors in cars of mainly 1,100 c.c. engine size, with tyres fitted with steel wedges. The race was won by Corrado Manfredini in a specially-prepared Wainer. Looking on with great interest and acting as starter was Jean Behra, one of the leading racing drivers in the world, who is to lead the Ferrari works team next season. A British driver with many successes in European Grands Prix to his credit once said that driving a racing car at high speed was like driving on polished ice. The pictures on this page show that actually driving on snow and ice at even comparatively low speeds needs special and highly practised skill.

ROUND A BEND: Competitors in the Cortina Grand Prix, run on the snow at the famous winter sports resort in Italy, slide round a corner, spurting a spray of snow from their wheels. The race was won by an Italian, Corrado Manfredini, in a Wainer.

On left—
A SPECIALISED TECHNIQUE: Racing on snow needs a new approach to motoring. The tyres are fitted with steel wedges, shown here on a Volkswagen.



OFF THE TRACK: One of the Italian drivers ploughs along the snow banking the track as another swerves to avoid colliding with him. In this picture the snow is so hard packed that the track appears to be made of ice.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE RACE: As one driver in a Foglietti (with a crumpled nose) swings round the outside of a bend, a Volpini behind him slides broadside-on in front of an approaching Stanguellini. The "Snow" Grand Prix at Cortina has become an annual attraction at this winter sports resort.

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British Achievements

Speak for BRITAIN

Television

The first public high-definition Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1936, based on British inventions and development.

Railways

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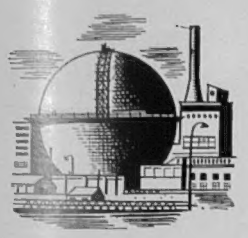
London's underground railway system pioneered mass transport beneath the streets of great cities in 1863. Electric power was introduced in 1890, replacing steam.

Nursing

The initiative and humanity of a British woman, Florence Nightingale, led to the founding of the first organised nursing services in the world.



Nuclear Energy

The first artificially-induced nuclear reaction took place at Cambridge, England, in 1932. British development of nuclear energy for industry has borne fruit in the world's first atomic power stations.

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